

# THE CRITIC

## OF BOOKS, SOCIETY, PICTURES, MUSIC, AND DECORATIVE ART:

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, ARTISTS, PUBLISHERS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS.

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## JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

## BIOGRAPHY.

*Memoir of the Life of Elizabeth Fry, with Extracts from her Letters and Journals.* Edited by two of her DAUGHTERS. In 2 vols. Vol. II. London: Gilpin. Hatchard and Son.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

A CONVICTION, which had been confirmed by the occurrence of disorderly scenes on board of some of the female convict ships, had long been felt by Mrs. Fry and the ladies composing the convict ship committee, of the necessity of female officers to take charge of the prisoners from the time of their embarkation till that of their arrival in the penal colony. Suitable persons having been found to undertake this onerous office, application was then (in 1842) made to Sir JAMES GRAHAM, for the sanction and support of Government in carrying out the measure. The request was promptly and readily granted, and with some preliminary difficulties, the appointment of matrons to the vessel, then about to sail with 205 female convicts, was satisfactorily arranged. Ill health prevented Mrs. Fry taking any active part in this business, but a number of notes written to her benevolent coadjutors evinced her interest in the subject. Her life had been spent in unremitting labours for the well-being of humanity, and she now began to feel, in failing health and exhausted strength, the effect of her incessant exertions of mind and body.

In the end of the year 1842, died HARRIET STREATFRIED, her grand-daughter, a child of singular promise, and, we are informed, the first of her forty-six descendants, with the exception of her own child ELIZABETH, who had been taken from the world at an age of understanding. But this was but the beginning of sorrow.

In 1843, having experienced a partial restoration of health, Mrs. Fry believed it her duty once again to leave her native land. She accordingly, in the company with her brother, Mr. JOSEPH JOHN GURNEY, his wife, and another friend, TOBIAH FORSTER, together with one of her own daughters, visited France for the last time. Mrs. Fry had the happiness to find on this occasion that much had been effected towards the improvement of prisons since her last visit. Public attention was now fully awakened to the importance of the subject, though in many cases the actual state of prisons, that of St. Lazare in Paris in particular, was still deplorable. Among those persons of influence derived from station, talents, or character, with whom Mrs. Fry had intercourse during this visit to Paris, we have only time to particularize the celebrated M. GUIZOT. The editors judiciously indicate the point where their mother's views and those of this great man met,—the point where all that is great or good in humanity must ever meet. Dining at M. GUIZOT'S, Mrs. Fry

Was encouraged, by his courteous attention, unreservedly to speak to him on the subject which had so long been near to her heart. It was no common ordeal for woman, weak even in her strength, to encounter reasoning powers such as his: their motives of action arising probably from far different sources, but seriously meeting at the

same point; hers from deep-rooted benevolence, directed by piety in its most spiritual form; his from reflection, observation, and statesman-like policy, guided by philanthropy, based on philosophy and established conviction—yet in the aggregate the results the same; an intense desire to benefit and exalt human nature, and arrest the progress of moral and social evil, and unequal interest in ascertaining the most likely method of effecting the desired end.

After her return home, in the June of the same year, Mrs. Fry attended the meeting of the British Ladies' Society. The condition of the female convicts on their arrival in Van Diemen's Land had been anew pressing upon the consideration of Mrs. Fry and her friends. Letters had been received from that colony, giving a sad account of the evils to which these unhappy women were exposed, from their arbitrary assignment as domestic servants (many thus falling into the power of emancipated convicts), and from the entire want of order and reformatory discipline in the house appointed for their reception on their arrival, and likewise used as a house of correction for faults committed after their assignment. Mrs. Fry lost no time in communicating the contents of these letters to Lord STANLEY, then Secretary of State for the Colonial Department, accompanying the communication with an account of the plans adopted at the Factory at Paramatta, in New South Wales. The subject was already occupying the attention of Government, and measures were adopted which have much changed the condition of the female convicts. A prison is now in progress of erection, which it is hoped will, by means of a judicious system of discipline, tend to perfect the good work. This appears to have been ELIZABETH FRY'S last exertion in favour of those most miserable of human beings, whose welfare had been for many years peculiarly her care, and whose benefactor she had been in no common sense. Her work and her life were drawing to a close; but she had yet much to suffer.

The following month Mrs. Fry's health again failed; and although she survived for more than two years, it appears to have been a period of much bodily as well as mental suffering. One evening she spoke of her "great sufferings—greater than any one knows: that if they were to last, no one could wish for her life;" but adding, "there is one thing I would willingly live for—the good of my husband and children, and my fellow-creatures." This autumn was further saddened by the death of a niece, young, and but lately married. The succeeding winter was one of intense suffering; the spring, however, bringing a temporary amendment, with considerable mitigation of pain. A sojourn at Bath was of great service to her; but another sorrow awaited her in the death of her sister-in-law, Miss ELIZABETH FRY, who died in July 1844. Her sisters had been for many years closely associated as ministers of the Society of Friends, and had been accustomed to sit side by side in the meeting-house at Plaistow. In little more than a fortnight after the death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Fry sustained another loss in the death of her little grandson, GURNEY REYNOLDS, only three days after she had parted with him in his usual health, which was, however, far from being robust. But many afflictions were yet in store,—a still heavier blow awaited her. On the 15th of August Death again invaded the family circle, carrying off, after thirty hours' illness, the little JULIANA, second daughter of Mrs. Fry's excellent son, Mr. WILLIAM STORRS FRY. The father caught the malady, which proved to be scarlet fever in its most malignant form, and whilst his most precious life hung in the balance, the servants and the

children sickened one by one. We are told that the aid of the nursing sisters at this trying time was "invaluable." Strong hopes were entertained for about a week of Mr. Fry's recovery; but they proved deceitful. Whilst lying on the bed of death, the father desired the door of his apartment to be left open, that he might see the coffin containing the mortal remains of his daughter carried to the grave he was so soon to share.

As his last day commenced upon earth, his window wide open by the bed-side, and the sweet morning air blowing freshly in, he spoke of the fair view to be seen from it, and listened with interest as the scene was described to him, the grey tints passing from the garden and terrace, and leaving them in light and sunshine. He spoke of his place, of his family, of his many blessings. Some little effort exhausting him, a stimulant was given; as he recovered, with a light smile he exclaimed, "God is so good!" and they were his last words.

Truly a holy death—a crown of beauty for a life well spent. Who, upon his own account, would have wished to recall him. The next victim was his eldest daughter, EMMA. "One grave contains all that is mortal of the father and his daughters."

And how did Mrs. Fry herself, bowed down by sickness, bear these deep afflictions? With the heroism of a Christian. Overwhelming as they were, her spirit did not sink under them. She thus expresses herself:—

The trial is almost inexpressible. Oh! may the Lord sustain us in this time of deep distress. Oh! dear Lord, keep thy unworthy and poor sick servant in this time of unutterable trial; keep me sound in faith and clear in mind, and be very near to us all, the poor widow and children, in this time of deepest distress, and grant that this awful dispensation may be blessed to our souls.

Her prayer appears to have been granted. To the last she was "sound in mind and clear in faith." There is, indeed, something sublime in the contemplation of the mighty power by which she, constitutionally nervous, timid by nature, and partaking in no common degree of the fear of death, was upheld in the midst of the severest bodily pain and deepest mental affliction. With the grave opening before her, and which enabled her to say—"I never have known despondency; whatever may have been my depth of suffering of mind or body, still, the confidence has never left me that all was and would be well, if not in time, in eternity—that the end would be peace."

The closing scenes of Mrs. Fry's life are little else than a succession of sorrows. On the 1st of December of this melancholy year, died a niece, the daughter of Mrs. HOARE; a few days after, her infant son. Her next trial was her parting with a married daughter and her husband, who, on account of the health of the latter, were under the necessity of going to Madeira. As the winter wore on, she appeared a little to revive, attended meeting, and received occasional visits from friends. She was, we are told now, "more easily diverted by little things, and for the moment became interested in them."

The next death we have to record in her history was that of her brother-in-law, the truly excellent, enlightened, and benevolent Sir FOWELL BUXTON. His death touched Mrs. Fry very nearly, for in life they had been united by a friendship based on unity of views and feelings on many of the most important subjects. Shortly after, we are informed, the death of a young relative caused "her wounds to bleed afresh." This was the last of the afflictive strokes dealt by the hand of death.

Ere she left the world she had adorned with her life, Mrs. Fry revisited once more Earl-



ham Hall, the beautiful home of her childhood. Whilst here she was frequently able to attend meeting at Norwich, and to minister there with all her wonted efficiency. In this service only did she retain her original power. One bright gleam of earthly happiness cheered the gloom of her last days. It was the prospect of the marriage of her youngest son to a lady who, in addition to other desirable qualifications, united that of being a member of the Society of Friends. Truly Catholic in spirit, as was ELIZABETH FRY, it was only natural to rejoice in an event tending to bind "her beloved youngest son" to that body of Christians to her so dear.

In the end of May, 1845, Mrs. FRY attended for the last time two sittings of the Women's Yearly Meeting of Friends in London. On the third of June, she was also present for the last time at the meeting of the Ladies' British Society, which, on her account, was held at the Friends' meeting-house at Plaistow, instead of the one at Westminster, where it was accustomed to assemble.

When Mrs. FRY attended for the last time the meeting of the British Ladies' Society, she had the happiness of knowing that Newgate, Bridewell, the Millbank prison, the Giltspur-street Compter, Whitecross-street prison, Tothill-fields prison, and Coldbath-fields prison, were all in a state of comparative order; some exceedingly well arranged, and the female convicts in all, more or less, visited and cared for by ladies,—varying according to their circumstances and requirements; the prisons generally throughout England much improved, and in the greater number ladies encouraged to visit the female convicts. Let the state of prisons and female prisoners be recalled as it existed thirty years before,—not that to Elizabeth Fry this vast improvement is attributed—much has resulted from the spirit of the day, and the tone that has pervaded and increasingly pervades the upper ranks of society. She was but a type of her times, an illustration of the benevolent and enlarged philanthropy which is diffusing its influence throughout all classes.

That our sentiments coincide with the above may be seen by a reference to our first notice of the first volume of this memoir. Society, like an individual, as it becomes more truly penetrated by the knowledge and love of Christian morality, *must* become more humane, whilst, at the same time, crime becomes more rare,—partly because these effects are at once generated by the same cause, partly because they work together to the production of each other. ELIZABETH FRY, and the age which could respond to her, are proofs of our assertion. What we set out with affirming, we trust our imperfect narrative, slight as it necessarily has been, has assisted to prove.

In one sense, however, to ELIZABETH FRY, the "vast improvement" is to be attributed. Without the support of advantageous circumstances and the concurrent spirit of the times, she could not perhaps have effected it. A disease was felt to exist in the social body—hers was the clear eye that discerned its seat—the enlightened mind that perceived where the true remedy lay—the skilful hand that applied it. At first her views, as at their advent better and wiser views ever are, were deemed visionary. She persevered in them notwithstanding, the world, happily for itself and for her, being so far advanced as to approve her motives, if it could not at first appreciate her measures. She and her little band of brave friends were a step in advance; ere they saw they believed; the world only believed *when* it saw. But this was well. The age has now in a great measure made the spirit of ELIZABETH FRY the presiding spirit of its institutions. Worthily has it responded to her, but her's

was the first voice. It can now best shew its sense of the magnitude of her services by *carrying on her work* in her own spirit; the spirit of *untiring progress*, not only in those works, the machinery of which she having, as it were, completed, require only the guiding hand, but those she has left inorganised or uncommenced, because time and health failed her in their accomplishment. Among these was—

A refuge for every erring and repentant sinner of her own sex; the opportunity of reformation for all who desired to reform. There are those who have striven to connect the memory and the name of Elizabeth Fry with such a shelter for the outcasts of our great metropolis; the arrangements are not yet matured, nor has the call for funds to carry the measure into effect been hitherto responded to in a manner at all commensurate with the greatness or the importance of the undertaking; but the need of such an asylum is too obvious, and the evils which it would remedy too sorrowful, to doubt of its final accomplishment.

Our country ought publicly and privately to regard the establishment of such an institution as a legacy left by ELIZABETH FRY—a monument it might raise to her honour—one of the nature alone worthy of her. The principles of social Christianity are now much more clearly developed than at the commencement of the career of ELIZABETH FRY. Principles have made great progress, so has practice; but if the advance of the second has not been commensurate with the first, we have little reason to congratulate ourselves. Greater knowledge—purer light has been given us—a corresponding work will be required at our hands. Let us not neglect it. There may be no one individual so eminently endowed as to be able to take the place of ELIZABETH FRY; but surely Great Britain may furnish enough of true piety, of enlightened philanthropy, of practical energy in the aggregate, to supply even her loss. In a pecuniary point of view, we are convinced that all outlay tending to the suppression or cure of vice must ultimately prove a saving. But this is no part of the question; a moral duty does not come within the range of those things whose performance or neglect may be decided upon principles of financial economy.

On the 26th of June Mrs. FRY's youngest son was married, and on his return with his bride to Upton-lane, his mother presided at a large party, arranged to welcome the newly-married pair.

She received her guests in a room opening into the flower-garden, and thence was wheeled to the end of the terrace; a very large family circle surrounded her, many connections and others of her friends. It was a beautiful scene—the last social family meeting at which she presided; and although infirm and broken in health, she looked and seemed herself. In an easy chair, under the large marquee, she entered into animated discourse, on various and important topics, with the group around her: the Chevalier Bunsen, M. Merle D'Aubigny, Sir Henry Pelly, Josiah Foster; her brother, Samuel Gurney, and others of her friends.

In August, Mrs. FRY was moved to a house at Ramsgate which had been prepared for her reception, it being hoped that the sea air might prove beneficial to her health. Her last days were as her first: whilst she had life left, she strove to serve her Creator by benefiting his creatures. At Ramsgate, we are told, she was "anxious to ascertain the state of the Coast Guard libraries; whether they required renewing, and were properly used." On the 29th of September, the large family party which had been assembled at Ramsgate dispersed, leaving with Mrs. FRY only her husband and

eldest daughter. This small party, however, quickly received the addition of a married daughter with her family. Six months had elapsed since this daughter had seen Mrs. FRY:—

A great change was perceptible: there was a look of heaviness and weight; she rarely smiled, but, on the other hand, far less often looked distressed; she walked rather better, her appetite was improved, and her nights not so disturbed; but there was a new symptom—occasionally severe pain in the head. It had first appeared ten days before, and had often been acute, but then was better.

The next Sunday she attended meeting as usual, saying, on her return, that it had been "a very remarkable meeting,—such a peculiarly solemn time;" and that she had been much impressed by the need of "working whilst it was day, to be ready for the Master's summons, come when He might." On the succeeding Tuesday we are told that, "when driving out, her lively interest for the good of others appeared, if possible, greater than ever. Her natural character, acquired habit, and Christian duty, alike combined to strengthen this; but the judgment, and the power to direct it, had in a great measure passed away." On Friday morning she wrote a note to a friend, with some texts for a young person, who was desirous to obtain her autograph. Later, on the same morning, when driving out, she manifested a strange and unwonted indifference, not only to the beauty of the natural scenery, but to the living objects by which she was surrounded. On Saturday evening, at different times, on attempting to move, she nearly sunk to the ground, and seemed unable to sit upright. With difficulty she was removed to bed. The expression of her countenance was "calm, almost torpid." On Sunday morning, at nine o'clock, as one of her daughters sat by her, "in a slow, distinct voice," she said, "Oh! my dear Lord, help and keep thy servant!" She never spoke again. After one bright glance of intelligence on her daughter reading her a passage from Scripture, an entire unconsciousness took possession of her. As the day wore away—

The difficulty of breathing, with convulsive spasm, increased; at first occasionally, but after midnight it became almost continuous. From three o'clock there was no pause, but such absolute unconsciousness to every impression, as satisfied those around her that the anguish was for them, not for her. Suddenly, about twenty minutes before four, there was a change in the breathing; it was but a moment.

ELIZABETH FRY was dead! A rare example of the beauty and the power of Christian faith and love had been withdrawn to a higher sphere. ELIZABETH FRY was dead; but her spirit and her works will not die while the earth shall endure: they form part of that accumulating treasure of true wisdom transmitted from generation to generation—man's best inheritance on earth. Not only were Mrs. FRY's works excellent in themselves, but they possessed a superior excellence, inasmuch as they were a means leading to the recognition in public life of a great Christian principle, which, though it had obtained in the dealings of private life the suffrages of all good men, had not yet in the economy of government been developed as the safest and the most efficient guide in those social problems which had so long puzzled the wisest. In after ages, when the form in which society is now clothed may in its onward march have been changed and changed again, when the institutions of the present day may exist only in the pages of history, when the name of ELIZABETH FRY may have long ceased to be



a familiar word, perchance when it may even have been long forgotten, her spirit will live in a higher civilisation than we dare now to imagine. The seed which she sowed will have become a mighty tree, blessing the earth with its abundant fruit. This is true fame—far beyond all nominal reputation—the real earthly immortality.

We have devoted a larger space than it is our wont to give to one subject to a consideration of the life of Mrs. FRY; because in her we behold, not only a beautiful example of the womanly character, but a remarkable manifestation of a universal principle, and a living testimony of its increased and increasing prevalence. We have already endeavoured to point the moral of her *public example*. But there is also a lesson to be learned by individuals from her *private character*. We are far from proposing the whole course of her life and actions as a model for *universal imitation*. We are told, indeed, that

She would have shrunk from urging the same course upon others. She feared her daughters, and young women generally, undertaking questionable, or difficult, or public offices; but she believed where one erred from over-activity in duty, many more omitted that which it behoved them to perform. "Woman's mission" has become almost a word of the day. Elizabeth Fry was persuaded that every woman has her individual vocation, and in following it that she would fulfil her mission. She laid great stress on the outward circumstances of life; how and where providentially placed—the opportunities, the powers given. She considered domestic duties the first and greatest claims in the life of woman.

But contemplating the wrongs and the miseries existing in society—

She believed that a mighty power rested with her own sex to check and to control this torrent of evil—a moral force that the educated and the virtuous might bring to bear upon the ignorant and vicious. She desired to have every home duty accomplished, every household affection met; but reason and Scripture taught her that each individual has something to bestow of time, or talent, or wealth, which, spent in the service of others, would return in blessing on herself and her own family. In the little parlour behind the shop, in the suburban villa, in the perfumed boudoir, and the gilded hall, she saw powers unoccupied and time unemployed.

There is no mistake into which persons are more apt to fall than to propose a universal mode of action. No rule of right, as applied to the *details* of a course of life, can be universal; for every human being having "an individual vocation," so every human being fulfils best the end of his or her existence by acting in a certain sense *differently* from others. To bestow exclusive regard on any one sphere of human labour, is to take but a one-sided view of life, and to have a very false conception of the great scheme of Providence. But whilst *particular* rules of action vary according to the circumstances, inward and outward, of the individual, it is not so with the *motives* or *principles* from which rules and actions alike spring. These ought to be, in their primary and essential nature, as universal and unchangeable as the Being whose ordinance made them. Law is omnipotent and eternal. It is the motives, then, of ELIZABETH FRY that we propose as an example. Many, we doubt not, would by their adoption be led in widely different paths—only a few, perhaps, in the same or a similar course; but all would be performing their portion of the great work allotted to the race of man.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*Rambles in the Romantic Regions of the Hartz Mountains, Saxon Switzerland, &c.* By

H. C. ANDERSEN. From the original Danish, with the Author's sanction, by CHARLES BECKWITH. London, 1848. Bentley.

ANDERSEN is ever welcome, whether he comes with a novel under his arm, or to tell nursery tales, or to discourse of the things which the moon sees, or to gossip about his travels in divers countries—for always he brings with him a genuine simplicity of heart, a fine tone of wholesome sentiment, and a sympathy with humanity which at once endears him to his hearers. Then, he is a true poet, looking upon nature with an eye that lights instantly upon her most beautiful aspects, and reproducing them with wonderful vividness in his pages. Not long since we introduced our readers to his charming Christmas book. We have now to open another volume, containing the reminiscences of his rambles in the Hartz Mountains, Leipzig, Dresden, and Saxon Switzerland, taking the route of Lubeck, Hamburg, Brunswick, and Halle, travelling chiefly by the tedious *eilwagen*.

There is not much novelty in this tour, but it matters not to such a mind as ANDERSEN'S where it wanders, for it is not so much what it sees as its manner of seeing that interests the reader. He could give novelty and freshness to the most trodden highway in Europe, for he does not deal in dry descriptions of sights, measurements of buildings, and guide-book chronologies. He tells us rather about persons than places, paints his fellow-travellers, retails conversations, throws in some stories, and chats about occurrences as he would do were he sitting by the fireside and personally narrating the incidents of his "walks and rides abroad." All this makes his book extremely pleasant reading, but not so profitable as the learned and pains-taking narratives of Mr. BUCKINGHAM. However, we must accept ANDERSEN for what he is, and not for that which he never pretends to be, and from the tempting abundance that offers glean some extracts, which will serve at once to illustrate our remarks, and which, removed from their contexts, will yet amuse the reader.

Everybody knows the usual manner of describing sights. What an improvement is this of

### THE LIONS OF LUBECK.

In St. Mary's Church I saw the famed astronomical clock-work, and the still more famous cycle of paintings, called *The Dance of Death*. Every rank, every age, from the Pope to the child in the cradle, is here invited to take a part in Death's cotillon, and all in the costume of the time in which they were painted, which is said to have been in the year 1463. Under each figure stands a verse in Low-German—a dialogue between the dancers: these verses, however, are not the original old rhymes, but a later poetical attempt made about 1701. It appeared to me as if the painter had placed an ironical smile in the dancing skeletons' faces, that seemed as if it would say to me and the whole company of spectators who were here, and made their remarks on it, "You imagine, now that you are standing still, or at most walking about in St. Mary's Church, and looking at the old pictures, Death has not yet got you with him in the dance, and yet you already dance with me; aye, altogether! The great dance begins from the cradle. Life is like the lamp, which begins to burn out as soon as it is lighted. As old as each of you are, so many years have I already danced with you; every one has his different turn, and the one holds out in the dance longer than the other; but towards the morning hour the lights burn out, and then—tired—fatigued—you all sink down in my arms, and—that

is called death." Round about on the walls stood epitaphs, and in the aisles lay tombstones, with illegible inscriptions and half-obliterated knights and dames. I saw a large stone, with a stalwart knight carved on it: he held his long battle-sword in his hand, and yet permitted the new generation to tread on his nose, so that his features and the long beard were almost effaced. He and all these quiet neighbours, whose names have now disappeared like the inscriptions, once rioted merrily in the old city, promenaded many a time on the green ramparts, heard the birds sing, and thought of immortality. The old senate-house still stands, with its small towers, and the great Hanse-hall: the marketplace, where the new throng of people busy themselves, lies between it and the church.

Now for

### AN ADVENTURE IN BOHEMIA.

The inn stood close by the pond, where there was a number of quacking ducks; we entered the guests' room—yes, here was something for a painter! A number of peasants sat in groups, and played cards;—oh! if there were characteristic faces! The girl came down the high stairs which led from the side-room into this, with a candle in her hand; the flame of the candle fell on her fresh young face as she cast a side glance on the strangers. Two women were playing the harp and singing; they seized the strings like a storm-wind, and sang with squeaking voices: "Herz, mein Herz, warum so traurig?" so that we were all quite sad and melancholy by it. The supper was soon steaming on the table: it consisted of roasted ducks, which were quite remarkable for their age; the landlord stood in a fine serious position, with folded arms, and looked at us and the ducks with a mien which indicated that neither the ducks nor we were to his taste. We went to rest,—but let us spring that night over! I had enough of it in reality. Nature and art had here played a trick; the first had made me too long, and the last—the bedstead—too short. In desperation I was obliged to play the part of the night wanderer, and descended into the large guests' room; but here it looked too romantic! Some wild-looking fellows, with thick black beards, were slumbering round about on bundles of straw; an ugly black bull-dog, that looked like a worn-out hair trunk, sprang towards me with a howling war-song, so that, like a prudent general, I turned my back towards him. The rain poured down in torrents out of doors, and lashed the ground, as much as to say, "See, this was the way it came down at the deluge." The day began to break, but there was no hope of getting to the mountains. This was the first bad weather I had as yet had on my travels, and therefore I found it very interesting. It will be better in the course of the day, thought I; and scarcely had an hour passed before the rain abated. We took courage, and having got a little peasant boy of about ten years old as guide, we set out on our way, through Ottowalder Grund and to Bastei, which place we were to ascend. I looked a little suspiciously at our small edition of a guide, as he hopped on before us so merrily with his hazle-stick in his hand. He was barefooted, and laughed and chattered away without ceasing; and it almost appeared to me as if he had a trick in his head—as if he were the living Cupid who had become our guide. If he be not our seducer, thought I—and then many of that young rogue's tricks came into my head. "That little rascal who runs about with arrows," Wessel calls him; and it is, in truth, vexatious that such a little whelp has the right to shoot great full-grown persons. Yet it is said, that those who get each other soon draw the arrows out again, and then all love is gone; but the others keep the arrow in their hearts, and then it is often mortal.

In a different strain is,

### A VISIT TO A MADHOUSE.

A little path along one side of the Elbe, under the lofty rocks, leads down towards Pirna and the palace of Lounenstein, an institution for insane persons. A strange feeling must seize every one

\* Oh heart, my heart, wherefore so sad?



that pays a visit within these walls, which enclose a world within themselves,—a world that is warped out of its natural career, where the green germ of life either withers, or develops itself in a spiritual deformity. Imagination, this life's best cherub, that conjures up an Eden for us in the sandy desert, that lifts us in its strong arms over the deepest abyss, over the highest mountain, into God's glorious heaven, is here a frightful chimera, whose Medusa-head petrifies reason and thoughts, and breathes a magic circle around the unfortunate victim, who is then lost to the world. Seest thou that little square room, with the iron-grated window up there? There on the floor, in the middle of the straw, sits a naked man with a black beard, and with a wreath of straw around his head—that is his crown: a withered thistle he found in the straw is his sceptre. He strikes at the flies that buzz about him; for he is a king, he is a despot; the flies are his subjects; he says they have rebelled, they will have his head, they have forced their way to him, but he cannot tell how; yet they storm in, but they cannot tear his head off his shoulders. A woman approaches us; she has been pretty, but pain has contorted her features. "I am Tasso's Leonora; Heine has sung about me!—Ha! there are many poets who have sung my charms, and that can flatter a woman's heart finely!—It is my triumph; there was likewise one, but he could not celebrate me in song, and so he shot himself through the heart, and that was quite as good as a song. Now the whole world is mad for love of me, and, therefore, I have come to this foreign palace; but now they have all become mad here from looking at me; but I can do nothing for them; I cannot help it!" Look at that open window, there sits a pale young man; he leans his head on his arm, and looks out at the red evening sky and the ships, which, with outstretched sails, glide up the Elbe. Our approach does not disturb his meditation; he regards his whole existence as a dream, recalls to mind a happier time in which he has lived, and regards us and the whole scene before him as visionary dreams. Here is one who has a monomania: he believes he can hear the pulsations of every beating heart, that he can hear it burst its strings in death—in his ears they burst with the wildest tones, so that he becomes furious. He is then bound fast in a chair which is whirled round by means of a wheel. With a wild scream he rushes round until all consciousness leaves him, when the wheel is stopped. But away with these frightful pictures!—the carriage is already waiting, and in a few hours we shall be again in Dresden.

Incidentally ANDERSEN introduces a sort of memoir of THORWALDSEN, from which we make a few extracts:—

#### THORWALDSEN'S FIRST EMPLOYMENT.

It was in April, 1801, that his return home was fixed, in company with Zoega. It was put off until the autumn. During this time "Jason" occupied all his thoughts. A new, a larger figure of the hero was formed—an immortal work; but it had not then been announced to the world, nor understood by it. "Here is something more than common!" was said by many. Even the man to whom all paid homage, the illustrious Canova, started and exclaimed, "Quest' opera di quel giovane Danese è fatta in uno stilo nuovo e grandioso!" Zoega smiled. "It is bravely done!" said he. The Danish songstress, Frederikke Brunn, was then in Rome, and spoke enthusiastically of Thorwaldsen's "Jason." She assisted the artist, and he was enabled to get this figure cast in plaster; for he himself had no more money than was just sufficient for his expenses home. The last glass of wine had been already drunk as a farewell, the boxes packed, the theveturino's carriage was before the door at daybreak; the boxes were fastened behind. Then came a fellow-traveller, the sculptor Hagemann, who was returning to his native city, Berlin. His passport was not ready. Their departure must be put off until the next day, and Thorwaldsen promised, although the theveturino complained and abused him, to remain so long. He staid—staid to win an immortal name on earth, and cast a lustre

over Denmark. The British bombs have demolished the towers of Copenhagen: the British have robbed us Danes of our fleet; but, in our just indignation and bitterness thereat, we will remember that it was an Englishman who rescued for us and our land's greatness, thee, Albert Thorwaldsen! an Englishman it was who, by the will of Providence, raised for us more than towers and spires; who cast more honour and glory around the nation's name than all the ships of the land, with flag and cannon, could thunder forth—it was the Englishman Thomas Hope. In the little studio which the artist was about to leave stood Hope, before the uncovered "Jason." It was a life's moment in Thorwaldsen's, and, consequently, in the history of art. The rich stranger had been conducted there by a hired guide; for Canova had said that "Jason" was a work in a new and gigantic style. Thorwaldsen demanded only six hundred zechins for the completion of his work in marble. Hope immediately offered him eight hundred. His career of fame now began.

#### THORWALDSEN'S FIRST LOVE.

It was in the spring of 1796 that Thorwaldsen intended to commence his wanderings in the world, by passing over the Alps to Rome; but he fell ill, and after his recovery was depressed in mind. War was then raging in Germany; and his friends advised him to go by the royal frigate *Thetis*, which was just about to sail for the Mediterranean. He had then a betrothed bride; he took an honest, open-hearted farewell, and said, "Now that I am going on my travels, you shall not be bound to me: if you keep true to me, and I to you, until we meet again some years hence, then we will be united." They separated; and they met again, many, many years afterwards, shortly before his death, she as a widow, he as Europe's eternally young artist. When Thorwaldsen's corpse was born through the streets of Copenhagen with royal magnificence—when the streets were filled with thousands of spectators in mourning—there sat an old woman, of the class of citizens, at an open window: it was she.

#### This was

#### THORWALDSEN'S DEATH.

On Sunday, the 24th of March, 1844, a small party of friends was assembled at the residence of Baron Stampe, in Copenhagen. Thorwaldsen was there, and was unusually lively, told stories, and spoke of a journey he intended to make to Italy in the course of the summer. Hahn's tragedy of "Griseldis" was to be performed for the first time that evening at the theatre. Tragedy was not his favourite subject, but comedy, and particularly the comedies of Holberg; but it was something new he was to see, and it had become a sort of habit with him to pass the evening in the theatre. About six o'clock, therefore, he went to the theatre alone. The overture had begun. On entering, he shook hands with a few of his friends, took his usual seat, stood up again to allow one to pass him, sat down again, bent his head—and was no more. The music continued. Those nearest to him thought that he was only in a swoon, and he was borne out: but he was numbered with the dead.

#### As a specimen of his poetic mood take

#### A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

Close by us, towards the left, there are only wild rocks which rise from the abyss, and from the deep a walled pillar lifts itself, on which rests a bridge that unites "Bastei" with "Das Felsenschloss." It is quite dark in the rocky ravine under us; our guide pointed out traces in the rock which shew that men have lived here before. It looks as if this huge mass of rock had been riven asunder,—as if some mighty power had here tried to split our proud globe in two. The road wound along the deep abyss; rocks and clefts succeeded each other alternately. The whole scene was to me like a great lyrical, dramatic poem, in all possible metres. The rivulet brawled, in the choicest iambs, over the many stones that lay in the way; the rocks stood as broad and proud as respective hexameters. The butterflies whispered sonnets to the flowers as they kissed their fragrant leaves, and all the singing

birds warbled in sapphic and alcaic strains.—I, on the contrary, was silent, and will also be so here. We now bent our steps towards Hohnstein, but first made a little detour in order to see that strange freak of nature—"Teufelsbrücke" (the devil's bridge). The devil really has taste. Every place that bears his name, or alludes to him, has in it something piquant: the most romantic places are those which they have placed in connection with him. As I have said, he has taste, and that is one good quality.

#### Now for

#### A SCENE IN THE BROCKEN.

A fresh guide announced himself, the thunder was past, and we set off through the beautiful valley of Ilseal. "Beautiful!" How little does there not lie in the mere word? Yet the painter himself cannot, with his living colours, represent nature in all its greatness; how, then, shall the poet be able to do it with words? No;—could tones become corporeal; could we paint with tones, as with pen and ink, then we should be able to represent the spiritual,—that which seizes the heart when the bodily eye sees a new and wondrously charming scene of nature. The river Ilse ran on with a stormy current by the side of our path; high pine-covered mountains lay on both sides. The naked rock Ilseenstein, with a large iron cross on its highest point, rose perpendicularly in the air; it made one's neck ache to look up to this height; and yet when we stand on the Brocken the eye looks far down in search of it. The opposite side is a rocky wall of similar exterior; every thing around indicates that these rocks, by some mighty convulsion of nature, have been riven asunder, thereby forming a bed for the river Ilse. In this mighty rock, says the legend, lives the beautiful Princess Ilse, who, with the first beams of the morning sun, rises from her couch, and bathes herself in the clear stream; happy is he who finds her here; but only few have seen her, for she fears the sight of man, though she is good and kind. When the deluge blotted out man from the earth, the waters of the Baltic also rose high, high up into Germany; the beautiful Ilse then fled, with her bridegroom, from the northern lands here towards the Hartz, where the Brocken seemed to offer them a retreat. At length they stood on this enormous rock, which projected far above the swelling sea; the surrounding lands were hidden under the waves; huts, human beings, and animals, had disappeared. Alone they stood, arm in arm, looking down on the waves as they broke against the rock. But the waters rose higher; in vain they sought an uncovered ridge of rock where they could ascend the Brocken, that lay like a large island amid the stormy sea. The rock on which they stood then trembled under them: an immense cleft opened itself there, and threatened to tear them away; still they held each other's hands; the side walls bent forward and backward; they fell together into the rushing flood. From her the river Ilse has obtained its name, and she still lives with her bridegroom within the flinty rock. We proceeded further into the forest; the way began to wind upwards towards the Brocken; the declining sun could not shine in between the thick pines; round about lay the huts of charcoal-burners, enveloped in a bluish smoke, so that the whole had a still, strange, and romantic character. It was a picture that attuned the soul to sadness.

#### THE CHARCOAL-BURNER.

Here, between the forest pines  
From the hut the red glare shines;  
The coal-black smoke the rock ascends;  
There the charcoal-burner bends.  
Illumin'd by the fire's warm glow,  
He looks half black—half crimson now;  
Whilst he the glowing masses turns,  
The fire brighter, deeper burns.

Leaning on his staff so long,  
He chants aloud an ancient song:  
"The pine-tree, year by year it grows;  
Through summer's heat and winter's snows;  
Like my own true love, I ween,  
Always green, but darkly green!"  
The song to him no comfort brings,  
But the fire deepens, as he sings.



Here is a scrap of criticism:—

THE PICTURE GALLERY AT DRESDEN.

What shall I say first about the great productions that made the deepest impression on me; yet, can there be a question? Raphael's "Madonna!" I hurried through the rooms in search of this painting, and when I stood before it it did not surprise me at all. It appeared to me as a friendly female face, but not more beautiful than many I had seen. Is this the world's far-famed picture? thought I, and wished to be surprised on seeing it, but it remained the same. It even appeared to me that several paintings of the Madonna, several female faces here in the gallery, were far prettier. I returned to them again, but then the veil fell from my eyes; they now appeared to me as painted human faces, for I had seen the divine one itself. I again stood before her, and then I first felt the endless truth and glory in this picture. There is nothing in it that strikes, nothing that blinds, but the more attentively one regards her and the infant Jesus, the more divine do they become. Such a super-human child-like face is not found in woman, and yet it is pure nature. It appeared to me as if every pious, innocent girl's face had some resemblance to this, but that this was the ideal after which the others strove. Not love, but adoration, called forth that look. It now became intelligible to me how a rational Catholic can kneel to an image. It is not the colours of the canvas that he worships; it is the spirit, the divine spirit that reveals itself here, in a corporeal form, to the bodily eye, whilst the powerful tones of the organ peal above him and chase away the discords of the soul, so that there becomes harmony between the earthly and the eternal. Time has faded the colours of the painting, but yet all the figures seem to live: the great halo of angels' heads behind develops themselves more and more, and in the look of the infant Jesus we see the whole grand expression comprised. Such a look, such a wise eye is not to be found in any child; and yet here it is natural childishness that seizes so powerfully on us. And then the angel children below, they stand as a beautiful type of earthly innocence; the younger look forward in childish calmness, whilst the elder raise their eyes to heavenly figures above them. This single picture would make the gallery famous, just as it has been sufficient to make its master immortal.

At Hamburg he visits the theatre, and we have the following account of the performances:—

They performed *Der Freischütz*: the decorations were excellent, particularly "the wolf's glen." It was a deep rocky gulf, where the moon shone down, and the red will-o'-the-wisps hopped about in their magic circle dance. The flames shot up from the earth, and the wild huntsman—an airy transparency—a group of clouds that formed themselves into these wild forms, darted over the scene. At the end of the act the living Zamiel did not ascend from the bottomless pit, but a frightful gigantic figure, that filled the whole scene, seized Max and Caspar with his enormous hand as they lay lifeless on the ground, whilst the whole scene was lighted up by a strong red fire, which gave it a grand effect. In other respects Zamiel's costume was not good—he looked like a red hussar. A demoiselle Gned performed the part of Agathe. She sang prettily and correctly, but made a fool of herself every time they applauded her; she then quite forgot her part, and made a deep curtsy, which, of course, at once destroyed the illusion. After this grand aria with her handkerchief, which was waved with much studied grace, and as she was about to throw herself into the arms of Max, the audience applauded, upon which she made a movement forward, curtsied, and then threw herself into the arms of the poor lover, who had a whole public between him and his beloved one's feelings. Art is the opposite of nature; but art is not therefore unnatural—it is rather the ideal image of nature: one must forget that it is art; but how can one do so when the artist degrades him or herself by forgetting the natural in art for the sake of a miserable clapping of hands?

The next time I was in a theatre I was entertained with a melodrama from the French—*Cardillac oder das Stadtviertel des Arsenal*; it is constructed after Hoffman's well-known tale, *Fraulein Scudery*; but it was a miserable play. Oliver's part was performed by a Mr. Jacobi, who, they say, has his boots and shoes gratis from the shoemakers' corporation in Hamburg, because he played Hans Sachs. Why he got them I know not; but it was, perhaps, with the respectable shoemakers' corporation as with an old citizen I once knew, who, when he saw his daughter play at a private theatre, clasped his hands and said, "The Lord only knows where she got all she is now saying!" They also, without doubt, thought that Jacobi himself invented all the fine things he said; and as they were all shoemakers, like Hans Sachs, and as, perhaps, there were poets among them (not like Hans Sachs), they thought "Heute dir, morgen mir!" (To-day you, to-morrow me.) "Who knows what Jacobi may put into our mouths if we should happen to come on the stage?" Jost, as Cardillac, and Madame Mädel as Scudery, played excellently.

We conclude with a characteristic passage.

ANDERSEN ON HIMSELF.

To be in a strange haste with everything is, in reality, my chief characteristic. The more interesting a book is, the more do I hasten to read it through, that I may at once get the whole impression of it. Even in my travels it is not that which is present that pleases me; I hasten after something new, in order to come to something else. Every night when I lie down to rest, I hanker after the next day, wish that it was here, and, when it comes, it is still a distant future that occupies me. Death itself has in it something interesting to me—something glorious, because a new world will then be opened to me. What can it in reality be that my uneasy self hastens after?

Wenn jemand eine Reise that,  
So kann er was erzählen.\*

quotes Herr Andersen, and he does tell us something in every way to the purpose. He sets out by sea, and how poetical is his view of the ever-moving waters—how amusing the sequel! The sea lay before me like a mirror; not a wave rippled the broad surface. It is delightful to sail between sea and sky, whilst the heart sings its yearning sense of pleasure, and the spirit sees the significant, changing, resonant figures that arise from these tuneful waves. The heart and the sea are, however, strangely allied! The sea is the world's great heart; therefore it roars so deeply in the stormy night; therefore it fills our breast with sadness or enthusiasm, when the clear starry firmament—that great image of eternity—shows itself on its quiet surface. Heaven and earth are reflected in the sea as in our hearts; but the heart of man never becomes so quiet as ocean, after life's storm has shaken it to the centre. Yet, our lifetime here—how insignificant compared with the duration of that great world's bodies! In a moment we forget our pain, even the deepest; in a moment the great sea also forgets its storms, for to a world's body weeks and days are but moments. But I am growing quite loquacious! It was even thus that I told many stories to a little child as it sat on my lap—stories that I myself thought pretty, very pretty! The child looked me in the face with its large eyes: I really thought that my tales made it happy, for I began to feel amused by relating them to the little attentive thing. In the most interesting part I interrupted myself, and said, "What do you think of it?" and the child answered, "You chatter so much!" Perhaps you are of the same opinion, dear reader? But then only think we have in the mean time sailed over the whole Baltic, passed Stævus cliff, with its wandering church, Moen's white chalk cliffs, where the woods already began to be green, and Laaland itself, where the red beacon burnt in the dusky night. The sun had again risen, and it is beautiful to see; but most of the passengers are asleep, certainly thinking, like Arv: "The morning is very fine, only it would be as well if it did not come so early in the day."

\* When we travel, we can tell something.

*Steam Warfare in the Parana: a Narrative of Operations by the Combined Squadrons of England and France, in Forcing a Passage up that River.* By Commander MAC-KINNON, R.N. In 2 vols. London, 1848. Ollier.

On the 10th of November, 1845, her Majesty's steam sloop, *Alecto*, was commissioned by Commander AUSTEN, and in such haste that on the 3rd of December she cast off from the hulk at Woolwich, with even the carpenter's benches on the decks and in the cabins, half-manned and with a newly collected crew. The scene of confusion may be imagined.

On the 6th she anchored at Spithead, and completed her fittings in seven days, on the 13th quitting the shores of England for the Rio de la Plata, there to join the French squadron. She reached her destination, after a pleasant voyage, on the 26th of January. The disagreeable nature of their duty was early learned from an Italian, who described to them the sort of enemies with whom they had to deal.

He stated, that when about a hundred miles above Buenos Ayres, he one night incautiously made fast his boat to the bank. A short time before dawn, a party of the enemy, or Blancos, as they are called, surprised him, plundered his boat of all the portable valuables he possessed, and then, not content with the booty, laid him flat on his back, spread out his arms and legs, which they nailed down with spike-nails to the deck, leaving him face uppermost to be scorched and tortured to death by the burning rays of the sun as it rose in the morning. Luckily, two of his crew were lying sleeping in the bushes close by, and, thus concealed, were enabled to elude the enemy. The moment they retired, these two men leaped into the boat, cut the fastenings, pushed off into the stream, and escaped: two others, discovered by the Blancos, were slaughtered. Such is their refinement of ferocity, that it is a common thing, on taking a prisoner, to peg him down to the earth, and either leave him to be scorched by the sun, as before mentioned, and gloat upon his agonies, or peg a wet hide over his body firmly into the ground. As the sun dries the hide, so does it shrink until the miserable wretch is squeezed nearly flat to the earth, and his eyes forced out of the sockets. An older and more popular method, however, is to sew the victim up tightly in a newly stripped hide, and allow the gradual shrinking of this horrible shroud to hug him in agonising tortures to death.

Here they joined Her Majesty's ships *Satellite* and *Racer*, which were blockading the port. On the 5th of February they were fairly ascending the river.

Numerous were the obstacles to progress. The steamer was continually running aground for two or three days; but at length, as the channel narrowed, it deepened, and they advanced with less difficulty. Beautiful was the aspect of

THE BANKS OF THE RIO DEL PLATA.

We now found ourselves threading our way through numerous little islands standing as sentinels at the mouth of the Parana. The width varied from a few hundred yards to a mile. Occasionally the vessel steered close to the trees on one side, then, as the channel varied, shot across to the other. The water was smooth as a sylvan lake, while the fragrance of the air, the exquisite verdure of the trees, and the half-submerged jungle, formed a captivating contrast to the wide Atlantic. Sometimes, by extending an arm from the paddle-box, a beautiful and unknown flower might almost be grasped; but, more seductive than all, as we glided swiftly and quietly past the fruit islands, large clusters of rosy and tempting peaches and nectarines, in large quantities, hung almost within our reach, but oh, provoking in the extreme!—out of our grasp. It will be easy to imagine the longing eyes which were riveted upon these delicious fruits, particularly by those



who had just come from a long sea voyage. Our torment resembled that of Tantalus; but, as we were then unacquainted with the manoeuvres of the enemy, it was considered inadvisable to land. These islands are very low, covered almost entirely with fruit-trees, under which grows a very thick and entangled jungle, with here and there large marshes covered by long reeds or sedge, and filled with strange aquatic birds. Occasionally, as we went along, a pretty winding creek branched out into the distance; and, when it passed through one of the apparently interminable and savannah-like marshes, was beautifully fringed with trees, which marked its course for miles. It is currently asserted, and very generally believed, that the waters are so impregnated by the roots and branches of the sarsaparilla trees, as to act medically on strangers, until accustomed to their effects. This was certainly experienced on our entering the Parana, and it had a beneficial effect upon the health of all.

We were all surprised at the remarkable softness of the water, which proved very favourable in the generation of steam; so much so, that a great saving of fuel accrued, especially when compared to the use of sea-water for that purpose. We continued our progress all day, cautiously steering through the fruit islands. The river increased in width, or rather the islands receded from one another, leaving the channel somewhat wider. Trees now became fewer, except a beautiful fringe on each bank of the numerous creeks which meandered away, traced only by their borders of foliage, till they were lost to the eye in the far distance; while, from the mast-head, could be seen a boundless plain of vivid green, produced by the long-waving grass, half submerged by the high river. Upon every little plot of ground rising from this immense alluvial plain, a clump of trees shot up.

This was the experience of

#### A RAMBLE ON SHORE.

The first thing which struck the eye was a great number of the passion-flower, in all stages, from the young half-formed bud to the ripe fruit. Upon these last, were greedily feeding large flocks of paroquets, and other small birds of beautiful plumage. The long coarse grass, from three to eight feet in height, rendered it extremely difficult to walk far from the banks; but, nevertheless, some of the party succeeded in procuring several of the gaudy-plumaged birds, which, most unpoetically, from the dearth of fresh food, were afterwards made into a pie. One of the party happened to pass within about five yards of a hanging nest, suspended on the branches of a tree, seven or eight feet from the ground. This was inhabited by a species of insect which is best described as a large flying ant. With one accord the winged tenants flew at the unfortunate intruder, and severely stung the exposed parts of his body. The stings proved extremely venomous, and caused very irritating and painful lumps, much worse than are usually inflicted by such minute insects, however poisonous may be their nature. Two small birds were shot, with long slender feathers sticking out of the tail to the length of eighteen inches, called by the sailors widow-birds. These were killed merely from curiosity, as they had a very conspicuous appearance flying through the air with such singular appendages.

Soon afterwards they fell in with the enemy, and were fired at continually from intrenchments on the shores, sometimes with effect.

The next incident of interest is

#### A TEMPEST.

At four o'clock, the wind died away, and the clouds were settling down in a very dirty, nasty-looking manner. The most profound stillness prevailed, broken only by the rapid motion of the paddle-wheels, and the voices of leadsmen. The pilot gave us to understand that a mile further on was a capital place to anchor, so we continued our course. Suddenly, he uttered an exclamation, and pointed towards the north. We immediately perceived a cloud, apparently of smoke, rapidly

approaching us, and to our very great surprise, in a few minutes we were completely enveloped in, as it were, a mantle of locusts. To estimate their numbers, would be perfectly impossible; but certainly for one hour they were continually driving against every part of the steamer like a heavy fall of snow. This swarm, which passed over us, was only a small under-cloud, the main body flying at a considerable distance, and appearing to be infinitely more compact than our portion. The pilot shook his head and said, "As soon as that swarm is completely past, we had better look out for squalls." Taking his advice, which we always found correct in the Parana, we immediately came to in a capitally sheltered situation between two islands. At six o'clock the clouds had closed all round so completely, that although the sun was a good hour above the horizon, it was extremely dark and dismal. About ten minutes after, a light air sprung up from the south-west, the clouds appeared violently agitated, with a kind of rotatory motion, and instantly the pamparo burst upon us with tremendous fury, accompanied by the most vivid lightnings and stunning thunder. The rain poured down in a perfect deluge, and descended nearly horizontally with such force, that it was impossible to face it. The clouds likewise drove along with furious speed, apparently so close to the earth that, for a time, the evening was turned into positive darkness, rendered more appalling by the awfulness of the thunder and lightning. Altogether the storm was as severe as any I ever experienced in any part of the world. When the first burst of its fury had passed, I held up, with some difficulty, a new silk handkerchief with both hands extended, and it was immediately torn to atoms and scattered to the winds, leaving a small portion in each hand. This was done in view of several of the officers, or I should not like to mention it. For one hour, until the worst of the pamparo had passed, nothing was visible beyond the vessel, and for anything that could be seen, the ship might have been one thousand miles at sea, although certainly within one hundred and fifty yards of the weather shore.

The plague of the river is

#### THE MOSQUITO.

This night the mosquitos were worse than ever; the author felt free from actual bites beneath his well-fitted and transparent curtains, unless when inadvertently, in restlessly turning round in bed, his knee touched the gauze inclosure. If this happened, a dozen stings were inflicted, and left on the knee inflamed lumps which remained for a week. At midnight, on going on deck, the following precautions were taken to guard against the flies, but without effect. In the first place, sea boots, well oiled, were put on; then a pair of trowsers made of a very stout blanketing, drawn closely over the ankle by a rope yarn tightly tied. Over all, a thick Flushing pea-jacket, buttoned round the chin as if to withstand a north-east gale in the British channel, and two silk handkerchiefs stuffed in all round the neck. Another silk handkerchief covered the head, and was tied round the chin, and, surmounting all, a Jim Crow hat, rammed firmly down on the head as firmly as possible. To protect the hands, a very thick pair of strong worsted gloves. This, no doubt, might be extremely comfortable in the depth of winter in England, or even bearable in the hottest summer nights there; but in this climate, with the thermometer ninety degrees, it was perfect torture. In a few minutes, after getting on deck, every article of clothing was perfectly saturated with perspiration; the oppressive feelings of which caused some of the wrappings to be thrown off, and whatever part was exposed was immediately covered with the flying and buzzing pests. Those officers who had neglected to get curtains, passed the whole of this night either on the top of the paddle boxes or up the rigging; it was perfectly impossible to remain below, every cabin under deck being crowded by mosquitoes,

As thick and numberless  
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams.

The author retired to bed very much fatigued, at four a. m.; and, on arising in the morning, dis-

covered that, except his head, every part of his body and limbs, without any exception, was covered with red and irritable bumps. We had been informed by officers at Santa Fé that several sailors had been invalided from the effects of mosquito bites.

Commander MACKINNON quitted the ship to convey the mails inland, and now we enter upon the most interesting portion of these volumes—the narrative of his personal adventures. He adopted with success the plan of facilitating his journey by interesting the ladies in his behalf:—

#### HOW TO TRAVEL IN A STRANGE COUNTRY.

My tactics were as follow:—whenever I saw children (who, indeed, abounded nearly everywhere), I sat down in the shade, coaxed the boldest-looking little red-skins towards me, and tried to acquire their confidence. Having secured this (the mother anxiously looking on all the time), I pulled out a box of lucifer matches, and tempted the naked urchins to strike a light. This had a very favourable effect, because it is considered a rare and valuable accomplishment, in these countries, to procure fire quickly. Wonder and applause, evident in the animated voices of the ladies to their husbands, always followed the above display. The result was, that although all the horses were again saddled and waiting, the one intended for me was frequently changed for a better, and, most likely, easier-paced animal.

The author describes very poetically

#### A BIVOUAC.

At nine o'clock, having arranged all my things as comfortably as circumstances would allow, with the mails for a pillow, and loaded fire-arms beside me, I tried to compose myself to sleep; but the excitement of the strange position I was in, entirely banished any thought of repose. I therefore lit my cigar, and took a survey of this wild and strange scene, lighted up by a most beautiful moon, and further irradiated by numerous fire-flies flitting about the foliage of an orange-tree close at hand, like so many erratic lamps. Moving and laying about higgledy-piggledy, were the numerous pets of the family, consisting of dogs, sheep, colts, fawns, goats, calves, fowls, ducks, children, and a good sized tiger-cat, who all appeared to scramble and agree together with the utmost confidence and cordiality. In the orange-tree were several parrots, which had acquired, from imitation, various human and bestial cries. The absurd clamour and gambols of this unique assembly were most extraordinary. Sometimes a profound stillness prevailed, only disturbed by buzzing and the low, gentle whistle of insects or lizards; and anon, as a small fleecy cloud momentarily shaded the brilliant moonlight, the fire-flies appeared to gain additional lustre, and to multiply into countless numbers. A light air, loaded with perfume, just gave a gentle motion to the leaves of the orange-tree, from which proceeded a low wailing sob, as from a child in great pain. This appeared to arouse a host of mourners. The sobbing was taken up by dozens of voices, apparently of all ages, until the chorus swelled into loud and agonizing grief. "Bless my heart! what on earth can this mean?" thought I, rising up, cocking my pistols, and looking anxiously round. "'Rather scary,' as brother Jonathan has it." For a time, the distressing wail continued, and increased in painful chorus. I began really to be infected with melancholy feelings, when, suddenly, the concert was changed into loud and screaming laughter, which, after swelling into a perfect diapason, fell as if from utter exhaustion. The source of the sounds was at length revealed: they were produced by the rascally parrots in the orange-trees.

In passing the batteries of San Lorenzo, a fire was opened upon the steamer, and the author notes these

#### CURIOUS EFFECTS OF SHOT.

For instance, one shot knocked to pieces five spare oars in the fore-hold. Another would have passed completely through the boilers, had it not



luckily been stopped by a quantity of coal-bags, purposely left on deck in that position to provide against such a contingency. The first bag it struck gave it rather an upward direction, which carried it parallel to the deck, through five or six more bags filled with coals, and then rolled harmlessly into the scuppers, driving with great force splinters of coal about the deck. But the most curious escape was from a shot which went through both paddle-wheels. It struck the paddle-box on the enemy's side, three or four feet above the shaft, went clean through the wheel without touching any part of it, and then passed across the deck, and through the other paddle-box, not above eighteen inches from the shaft, still not touching a single blade, or any portion of the paddles. A few minutes after the action, I opened the paddle-box doors to see what damage had been done; and, to my infinite astonishment, perceived that, at the rate the wheels were revolving (about seventeen times a minute) it appeared quite impossible to fire a pistol-ball through without striking some part of them. And yet this 18-lb. shot had gone through both wheels, leaving no marks but the hole at entering on one side and departing on the other. One more shot deserves remark: it came through the ship's side on the water-line, passed through her lower deck forward, cutting away the armourer's bench and a bread barge, then struck two 32-lb. shot in the rack, knocked one into five parts, and the other into three.

The islands of the Parana are stated to be the most productive in the world. They want only a settled government. A merchant shewed him the manner of converting cattle into merchandise—

Mr. Davidson shewed me an immense vat, into which a small pipe was introduced from a diminutive boiler. He informed me it was intended to hold the bones of one hundred newly-slaughtered bullocks, from which were expressed, by means of steam, six pipes of juice or marrow. This, of course, is extremely valuable. He also shewed me a sample of rice, grown in one of the Parana islands, which appeared to be of a very fine and excellent quality. I was much struck by an observation he made, which seemed extremely apposite and correct. "The islands in the Parana," he said, "are capable, with the least labour and expense, of growing more rice than the world can consume." I should add, from what I have heard of the cultivation of rice, that these islands are intended for it by nature, being overflowed exactly at the proper time of year to nourish the plant to perfection. It is indeed a melancholy thing to see English, American, and other foreigners, with all their enterprise, capital, and industry, working day and night to clear out their property from this most productive, most beautiful, and most healthy soil and climate.

The following is the calculation of value:—

Wet hide, average weight forty five pounds, is 4½d. per pound, equal to 16s. 10½d. The parts of the animal salted, say, although much under the mark, one hundred weight, 11. 6s. per hundred weight. Fat, tallow, and marrow, average half hundred weight, at 21. 10s. per hundred weight. Adding, therefore, the three items together, it amounts to 31. 7s. 10½d. on each animal, from which, by subtracting 10s. as prime cost, and 10s. expenses (by far too much), there remains a clear profit of 21. 7s. 10½d.

Game and fish are so abundant that in an hour enough can be obtained to victual a party for a week.

We have, as yet, explored only the first volume. If leisure permits we may take up the second on another occasion.

*Switzerland in 1847; and its Condition, Political, Social, Moral, and Physical, before the War.* By THEODORE MUGGE; edited by Mrs. PERCY SINNETT. In 2 vols. London, 1848. Bentley.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

We make a few more gatherings from this

work, which throws so much light upon the somewhat unintelligible history of Swiss politics, and presents the Swiss people in a new aspect.

This is a succinct sketch of

#### THE CONFLICT OF INTERESTS.

A cursory glance at the elements composing the contending parties, will shew us here men aiming at national unity and popular freedom, there the old reigning caste and their partisans; here the priests and the influence of Rome, and there modern Protestant fanaticism; the influence of France, of Austria, and of the old half-decaying, half-vigorous spirit of the past still struggling to maintain itself in a thousand customs and usages; the younger and more cultivated part of society struggling to put it down; the press now following, now leading, and under the guidance of all sorts of hands, capable and incapable. We shall find also very different degrees of development in the various parties; here industry, wealth, trade, manufacture of all kinds, and close beside them the Alps and the Alpine herdsmen; here agriculture and cattle-breeding in their highest excellence, and a few miles further, bare rocky summits and eternal snow. The wonderful variety which external nature displays in Switzerland, where the glacier and the orange-tree are side by side, is not less apparent in its human life.

A specimen of the manner of the working of the communal system, described last week, is the following:—

Four miles from Chur, on the banks of the Rhine, and directly under a precipitous mountain-wall, stands the unfortunate village of Felsberg, whose imminent danger of being crushed beneath a falling mass of rock excites so much sympathy in Germany. Isolated fragments have fallen from time to time without doing any great damage; others are lying on the very edge of the precipice, and may fall at any moment. But the most serious danger lies in the enormous gaps and clefts in the mountain side, directly above Felsberg, which are plainly to be seen from below. When the waters flowing through these fissures have loosened the ground to a certain extent, a catastrophe is unavoidable. This event has been expected for years, and some of the inhabitants have erected cottages on the neighbouring hills as places of shelter; but the majority cling to their old abodes, although they must rush out of them whenever a rumbling noise is heard, or a stone falls from the mountain. In what constant terror must these poor people live; with what trembling lie down to rest, for who can say whether the morrow's sun will not shine upon their common rocky grave? Many attempts have been made to leave the place, and found another Felsberg; but religious fanaticism has hitherto frustrated them. Opposite Felsberg lies the village of Ems, inhabited by a wealthy catholic community, possessed of extensive common lands, a portion of which would amply content the poor Felsbergers. Provided with sufficient funds from their own resources, the help of the State, and contributions from Germany, the Felsbergers entreated their wealthy neighbours to sell them land enough to settle on; but the request was refused. The Felsbergers are therefore compelled to remain on the left bank of the Rhine, and must build their new village close to the river, where they are safe from the mountain it is true, but have yearly to dread an inundation. Some precautions have been taken; dams have been made; but it is said that the construction is faulty, and promises little effective service. In no other way can these poor people be aided, inasmuch as no commune can be compelled to sell its land. The general voice is loud against the people of Ems, but to what purpose? The sovereign commune will not give way, and the State has little help to give.

Equally unpromising is the picture of

#### THE PRESS OF SWITZERLAND.

The press of Switzerland presents for the most part, it must be owned, a spectacle, very little edify-

ing, of perpetual encounters, in which the champions on both sides avail themselves of every resource which malice and intrigue, great or small, can offer as a weapon to attack a rival. If the language and conduct of the press be considered as a test by which the state of intellectual culture among a people may be estimated, that of Switzerland will hardly deserve a very high place; but much allowance must nevertheless be made for the circumstance that the greater part of the Swiss papers are written for simple country people and citizens, who are best pleased with brief, sharp, and even coarse expressions. People of high culture and refinement are not very numerous in Switzerland; and these journals are commonly nothing more than mere trading speculations. Their contributors are wretchedly paid; regular editor there is perhaps none; the bookseller who owns the paper will write a little himself, or get some friends who are fond of seeing themselves in print to help him with their lucubrations. \* \* \* There are an immense number of these small Swiss papers, of all colours and shades, from the Jesuit mouth-pieces of Lucerne to the wild Radicals of Zurich or Berne, one of which lately, called the *Free Voice*, threatened the deputies who might be friendly to the Jesuits with a *drubbing*. The editor of this dignified print was formerly a member of the Executive Council, and is now an inn-keeper, whose house is the rendezvous of the Radicals. Hither come burgomasters, and colonels, and judges, and deputies, to talk over what has happened, or lay plans for what is to happen; and curious enough it is, to a stranger, to find the most influential men in the country sitting in this way on a wooden bench in an arbour of a coffee-garden, and discussing public affairs over a glass of wine or beer. I have also met at these places men of high distinction in literature and science, amongst whom I may mention Prof. Schnell, the author of the *Manual of Swiss Political Law*, and the celebrated Prof. Oken.

The Germans and Swiss appear to agree very ill,—the latter looking upon the former as impertinent intruders.

The Swiss are obstinate, but generally patient people; but they lost their patience when they found these unbidden and uncourteous guests, who for the most part had not even brought with them the means of existence, and had seldom any inclination to work, getting into debt, creating disturbances, embroiling Switzerland with her powerful neighbours, and behaving on all occasions as if they were not only quite at home but the masters of the house. It cannot be wondered at, therefore, if a strong feeling of resentment sprung up towards them, and that the Swiss began to say that they would not endure being brought into strife, and possibly war, with the great powers of Europe, on account of a band of foreign vagabonds like these. But it is also true that the Swiss character has a strong tendency to jealousy, narrow-mindedness, and self-conceit, and that every little town or village believes itself the centre of the world. I would not say that only great nations, such as France, England, or America, should take pride in their national existence; even the smallest countries, when inspired by a noble enthusiasm for freedom, and conscious of the value of their own active exertions, as part of the great human family, may be well allowed a little national pride. For the Swiss, however, who stand on so low a grade of intellectual cultivation, whose true freedom has hardly yet dawned, and whose activity is limited to so narrow a domestic range, it is much to be desired that they could acquire a more cosmopolitan spirit, and abandon a few of their narrow, local prejudices, and a little of their petty national vanity. In such a state of things it is natural enough that Germans and Swiss should amalgamate badly, especially as Germans, ready as they usually are to do at Rome as Rome does, and become French, Russians, English, or Chinese, as the case may be—almost invariably refuse to conform to the customs of the Swiss. The French succeed somewhat better, though they also criticise Swiss institutions with unmerciful severity. Switzerland has much more sympathy with France than with Germany; in France her young artisans find instruction and em-



ployment; from France come the fashions; the sons of the wealthier classes visit Paris, and almost everything that comes from Paris finds favour in their sight. Yet the best workmen of every kind to be found in Switzerland are Germans, numbers of whom are established in all the large towns, whilst French workmen are very rarely to be met with. Thus trade jealousy is also at work to increase the antipathy to Germans; especially as they work better and cheaper than the Swiss, who often bring with them from France the Parisian scale of prices. Many Swiss assert that the ground of their greater preference for France consists in its more constitutional form of government,—the Swiss love of freedom being outraged by stiffly monarchical Germany. Yet this explanation is far from satisfactory, since the Swiss are found in the armies of the most absolute monarchs, and would serve, indeed, the Sultan or the Emperor of China, if they were but sure of good pay.

And equally at a low ebb are

#### LITERATURE AND ART IN SWITZERLAND.

The Swiss, industrious and persevering though they be, are generally but little fitted for those situations of literary and scientific trust which they grudge the better prepared Germans. Good physicians and lawyers they have indeed, the French Swiss, or Genevese, having made much progress in natural science; but as for philosophy, it is an unknown name in Switzerland, or if known, it is known only to be despised, at least by "Young Switzerland," as a trade that can earn no bread. Art holds a subordinate place, especially in the German part of the country; the celebrated landscape painters, Calame and Diday, belonging to the French part. They have had no lyric poets of eminence since the times of Bodmer, Gessner, and Salis; in the epic and dramatic forms they have done nothing, and no good novelist has ever been possessed by Switzerland. Art, which in monarchies may be patronised by princes and the great, must, in a republic, be supported by the people themselves. In Switzerland, however, who would buy pictures or books? Not that there is any want of rich men, but what Swiss millionaire would spend his money on such useless things as these? The bookworm Germans are welcome to as much of their printed paper and painted canvas as they like, since these things bring money in exchange; but for buying such things themselves, oh no! the Swiss are far too prudent for that. I really believe that in no country in Europe are so few books bought.

If this is the case, even in the large towns, what can we expect of shepherds and peasants? There are here scarce any large estates, the soil being chiefly divided into small freeholds, whose possessors have hardly any cultivation, and who take no interest in art and science. With us, indeed, few enough people *buy* books; yet, as everybody reads, from the prince to the tailor and the hackney coachman, circulating libraries are everywhere in request. In Switzerland the great mass of the people feel no interest in reading, beyond the daily news of their political party; there are, consequently, very few circulating libraries; and Zurich alone possesses a literary museum, of whose completeness and excellent arrangements, however, I shall have occasion to speak hereafter.

This is a picture of

#### THE PEOPLE.

The women of Switzerland are physically much finer than the men, and beautiful faces, principally in the German style, are often met with. The features are usually large and full, the complexion clear and fresh, with light eyes and brown hair. The figure, though seldom slender, is well-proportioned and active. The teeth are, however, universally bad, an evil generally attributed to the water; and it is even asserted that no stranger can long remain in Zurich without having his teeth affected. The universal spirit of economy keeps every Swiss table free from luxury, the richest citizen contenting himself with few and simple enjoyments of this kind. The effeminate indulgences

which elsewhere have reached so lamentable a pitch are here unknown or left to foreigners at hotels, the natives contenting themselves with the simplest fare. The rich man at his coffee-house drinks bad Zurich wine, or takes perhaps a piece of cheese and a glass of beer; a gulden (twenty pence) being the utmost amount of expense in which he indulges for his evening's entertainment.

The diet of the lower classes is, of course, still simpler and poorer. The Swiss peasant keeps no poultry or pigs, with whose eggs or flesh to indulge himself on festive occasions; nor does he himself enjoy the product of his cows. Cattle are much less numerous than is commonly believed, and the peasants often hardly taste meat from one year's end to another. Not that they are by any means so poor as to be unable to buy meat, for the vine cultivators by the lake are prosperous enough; but they keep no cattle themselves, and do not choose to buy, their inclination for meat not being strong enough to overcome their habitual economy. They live on potatoes, vegetables, bread, soup, and coffee, the latter particularly forming an important article of diet for all the lower classes of Switzerland. A Swiss periodical of some importance indulges in a pathetic strain of lamentation on this subject:—"What do the great mass of this nation live upon?—In the morning, they have roasted potatoes and coffee; at noon, coffee and roasted potatoes; for supper, again potatoes and coffee. This, to the despair of physicians, has become the subsistence of our poor. Thus, then, we hear the same complaint in republics as in monarchies; that equality of political rights can do little for the people, except in so far as it tends towards social reform, and a more equal division of the fruits of the earth. In Switzerland, however, such a reform will be difficult to effect; the great mass of the people being humble, industrious, resigned to and even contented with their fate, and possessing, in most instances, an unbounded reverence for the rich and great.

Here are some

#### PORTRAITS OF SWISS STATESMEN.

At the sittings at which I was present there was only one man of remarkable talent, namely, the deputy from St. Gall, Mr. Baumgartner, who had been formerly an arch Radical and a violent opponent of the Jesuits—who was once the soul of all Radical movements, and the hope and pride of the party. But, on some offence being offered to his ambition and vanity, he made peace with Rome and the priests, who had represented him hitherto as a very tool of the Evil One; and his house became the centre of the intrigues which they set on foot in St. Gall, in the hope of bringing the canton back to the bosom of the true church. Now he battles with all the furious zeal of a renegade for the very principles which, a few years ago, he was as furious in condemning. He is the best speaker in the Diet, and is regarded by many as the man of the most talent; and it is a pity that this high talent should not be supported by a higher character.

Mr. Druey, President of the Council of State in Vaud, has, in my opinion, the most logical head, the greatest amount of information, and is the most eloquent speaker in the Diet, or perhaps, I should say, would be, if his physical equalled his intellectual qualifications. He has a short but powerful frame, a well-formed head, with a broad, thoughtful forehead, and a brilliant eye, as well as the pleasant open bearing that befits a man of the people. As a decided Radical, and leader of the party in his canton, he advocates the cause with boldness and animation, but without allowing himself to descend to the coarse personalities of his rivals. He speaks in French, and the happy epigrammatic turns of that language doubtless assisted him in the spirited and pointed replies he made to the accusations of his opponents; but most of them are greatly his inferiors. Mr. Druey has studied in Germany, visited both Göttingen and Berlin, and is one of the few Swiss who see in philosophy something more than a beggarly trade, or a knack of playing with words; one of the few also who have looked beyond their native mountains to the general relations of the great European family, and who have had the advantage of a thorough scientific education. On this

foundation have the political opinions been built which he has maintained with unvarying consistency through the vicissitudes of a very chequered public life. He is a man of the people, but an opponent of the Free Corps, and of all interference in the internal affairs of any canton which exercises its sovereign rights according to the decisions of the majority of the people. He has defended the Zurich Revolution of 1839, as well as the changes that took place in Lucerne; but in the Convent question he declared himself for the restoration of the convents in Aargau, by which he has drawn on himself the vehement displeasure of his party. In the Diet he is one of the few who have any claim to be regarded as statesmen, or are calculated to awaken any general interest. Stämpfli, formerly a lawyer in Berne, is a very young man, but his reputation for learning, integrity, and eloquence, has been so great as to cause his election, though he had not at the time attained the twenty-five years which would legally enable him to enter the council. His external appearance is not striking; his countenance bearing a quiet and even shy expression, which, as well as his great silence, is but little characteristic of the active leader of a political party. Ochsenein is tall, slender, with a fine forehead, light but expressive eyes, and has the courteous manners of a man of the world. His military abilities are, in spite of the Lucerne defeat (*i.e.* of the expedition of the Free Corps), as much prized by his fellow-citizens, as his character, courage, and principles. His government is probably supported most eagerly by the younger part of the population, whose zeal indeed rather requires moderating than stimulating; for many of these young Radicals seem to aim at the overturn of law and established custom of every kind; apparently believing true freedom to consist in the wildest disregard of every restraint, and professing the utmost contempt for the weakness of form.

To our readers more interesting will be the sketch of

#### ZSCHOKKE.

Not far from the river shore, on the slope of the hills which shut in the Valley of the Aar, stands, amongst other country houses, the villa of a man who, though a native German, has now for many years become, by adoption, a Swiss, and who is one of the very few who have not only entered thoroughly into the life, spirit, and institutions of their adopted country, but have, by writing, speech, and action, done brave battle in her cause, at numerous and trying emergencies. In that vine-covered house upon the hill, surrounded by its beautiful gardens, lives Heinrich Zschokke, whose numerous and well-known writings have excited so much sympathy and admiration in Germany as well as Switzerland. His Swiss History has been a valuable book for the people of Switzerland; and his Autobiography proves how much interest he took, and how various, active, and useful were the parts he played at various times on the political arena. At present he lives in retirement at this villa, built with the receipts of his writings. In having attained through literature the means for such outlay, he does indeed stand alone among the greater number of German authors; but Zschokke's works are not of an ordinary kind, and some of them have brought him a rich remuneration, as, for example, his *History of the Bavarian People and their Princes*. He is also now known as the author of the *Hours of Devotion*, which, from its wide circulation, must considerably have improved his pecuniary circumstances. The tall and dignified old man, whose blue eyes still retain their lively and benevolent expression, received me with friendly hospitality into his family circle. He lives like a patriarch, surrounded by sons and grandsons; and, walking in his garden beneath the shadow of trees planted and reared by himself, he conversed with me of his former active life. Many of his sons are in the service of the State of Aargau; one of them is married to Zschokke's adopted daughter, the father of whom it was whose fate suggested to Zschokke his tale of *Alamontade, the Gaitley-Slave*. This beautiful young woman, who, with her chil-



dren, was on a visit at the house of Zschokke during my stay, added not a little to the charm of the aged patriarch's family circle. From the recent disturbances of Switzerland Zschokke appears to have held himself entirely aloof, being naturally disinclined, at the age of seventy-six, to mingle again with the wild discord and fierce strife of political parties. His deep enthusiasm for the cause of the people, for which he formerly made such active exertions, remains unchanged; yet many of the warmest desires of modern times may excite in him no responsive emotion, and even in that for which he formerly laboured so assiduously he now works only in words, whose influence is incapable of producing much effect on the rapid course of political affairs. From this villa the old statesman, author, teacher, and reformer, looks far out over the blooming valley of the Aar, stretching out before him like a garden; and little is it to be wondered at if he desires no change, living in peaceful enjoyment amid these lovely scenes, surrounded and blessed by his large and happy family, and seeing the canton of which he is a citizen prosperous, enlightened, and improving, and his own house the point of attraction for many a passing traveller, coming to offer his tribute of admiring veneration.

#### POETRY.

*The Poetical Works of John Milton.* Edited by Sir EGERTON BRYDGES, Bart. A new edition. London, 1848. Tegg and Co.

A NEW issue in a single volume of the most perfect and best noted edition of the poetical works of MILTON which our literature can boast. Sir EGERTON BRYDGES is known to have bestowed upon its production a world of pains-taking labour, both by collating the text, and by explanatory and critical notes, the object of the latter being to make some of the obscurities of the poet, proceeding from his vast learning, intelligible to those who have not the same range of attainments.

It opens with an elaborate memoir of MILTON, compiled from the most authentic sources, and conveying much information not before published. This is followed by a selection of encomiastic passages about the great poet and his works, from the writings of other poets. Then come in their order his poems elaborately noted, and including every production that can be traced to him, including his Latin poems. Each book of the epics and each principal poem is prefaced by a critical and explanatory essay. The aid of typographical art in the best style of Messrs. TEGG has been invoked to produce a volume which shall delight the eye equally with the mind, and a number of engravings after the pencil of TURNER combine the attractions of high art with those of the finest poetry, the purest criticism, and the best mechanical skill, to complete a book that will be at once an acquisition and an ornament to every household.

#### EDUCATION.

*Tales about the Sun, Moon, and Stars.* By PETER PARLEY. 5th edition. London, 1848. Tegg and Co.

AT this moment a party of little ones are screaming with delight in an adjoining room. It is a pleasant sound. It cheers our labours, raises pleasant thoughts and reminiscences, brings us "to our boyhood back." What is the cause of this exultation?

Be it known, then, that having just received from the publisher a copy of the handsome little book named above, we forthwith conveyed it to the little folk in the play-room. "What have you got there, papa?" exclaimed two or three together, catching sight of the crimson and gold cover. "Another Peter Parley," said we. Such a shout followed. "Do, papa, give it to us; we love Peter Parley better than anybody. What is he telling about now?" "Tales about the Sun, Moon, and Stars." "Oh! that's so delightful—we'll begin it directly." "Gently," said we, "read a chapter or two every day, and your mamma will ask you the questions which Peter Parley has put at the end of them, to

see if you understand him." "We are sure to do that; we always understand anything dear old Peter Parley tells us." We left the volume with them; and the opinion of children upon it is worth more than that of us gray-haired critics, so we content ourselves with reporting its reception by our family group.

#### RELIGION.

*The Gospel in Advance of the Age, being a Homily for the Times.* By the Rev. ROBERT MONTGOMERY, M.A. Oxon. Author of "Luther," &c. &c. Third Edition. Edinburgh, Clark.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

FROM a commentary on Mr. MONTGOMERY's magnificent theme, we turn now to the preacher, with purpose to exhibit some of the most striking of his views of it. We should have been delighted to have dwelt upon this volume through many successive numbers, as indeed, it would well deserve to be so examined by a reviewer who has more space at his command than we possess; but the alteration of arrangement announced in this number, compels us to apportion fewer columns to individual works, that we may be enabled to make our readers acquainted with the spirit and character of all the current literature of the day, which is the design of THE CRITIC. We therefore pass from chapter to chapter, culling as we go along the passages that most strike us. There is good sense, good feeling, and TRUTH in the following remarks upon

#### THE CHARACTER OF MODERN CRITICISM.

But when we regard periodical literature as to its tendencies towards the spiritual warfare of the age, there is far more to be lamented than mere flippancy of tone, heresy in taste, or schismatic opposition to men whom the wisdom of applauding centuries has pronounced to be the standards of cultivated taste, and the models of instructive mind. For after we have awarded our cheerful admiration to those noble specimens of eloquence, argument, and genius, by which some of our leading reviews are occasionally adorned; nay more, after we have yielded all just gratitude to the play of brilliant wit, the sparkle of gay satire, and the mirthful comicalities which distinguish so many of the "serials" just now,—what shall be said of that which is sadly characteristic of the reviewing system in our day? Is it that exaggerated language, overheated style, critical *patois*, low caricature, coarse buffoonery, and some profane burlesque, are to be lamented? Alas! there is far more than even this, over which a Christian man should mourn. Moral rectitude, and a religious love of truth for its own sake, are miserably deficient in a large class of those illustrious unknown who instruct the age behind the convenient disguise of an oracular "We." It is not talent, nor cleverness, nor acuteness, nor a skilful tact in detecting the weak passages or worthless points in a book, which these men require. But what they require is—conscientiousness. If this ennobling quality actuated criticism, then would the reviewer feel that his office was indeed a sacred function; capable, if honourably fulfilled, of subserving to the expansion of national intellect, and to the growth of public virtue. Not to puff a friend, depreciate a foe, or lift into public notice some peculiar view, or party object,—would then be the object of a noble critic. Far less would such a being ever soil his own soul, and stain his own conscience, by low slander, truculent severity, or mendacious assertion, concerning an author's book or character. From all such debasement would he ever recoil with indignant shame, and generous abhorrence. But to guard the taste, refine the heart, regulate the judgment, and keep the printed Mind of the age within the circle of revealed truth,—this would at least be not unworthy the office of a competent literary judge. Harshness, dogmatism, flippancy, and sarcasm,—these are ever the traits of a little soul, and a sectarian nature. The power of epithets is one thing, but the

principle of criticism is another; yet, how many reckless youths now mistake a fatal facility in using mere epithets, for a real exhibition of the critic's quality?

Coinciding entirely with all that for four years we have been urging in THE CRITIC, are these observations on the

#### LITERARY TENDENCIES OF THE TIME.

Diffused intelligence, a vast increase of artificial wants, luxurious habits, and a pampered love of ease and social refinement, have necessarily called into action a supply of intellectual aliment congenial with a taste arising out of such combined influences. Accordingly, the great effort of a large number of our authors is, to save readers the trouble of thinking, and the labour of reflection; and thus, instead of the reading mind of the age being trained and nursed for vigorous exercise and generous expansion, it is becoming more and more reduced into a state of languor and debility. Not the profound and the improving, but that which is shallow, plain, and superficial; something which approaches to a kind of science made easy, or every man his own philosopher; this is the great desideratum, which the multiplicity of modern pursuits and accomplishments calls upon us to supply. Thus, since the public taste will not rise to the level of sound learning, and genuine philosophy, why learning and philosophy must degrade themselves and sink down to the base level of it! The names of things; the tops and surfaces of subjects; a kind of catalogue-acquaintance with books and themes; and a smart promptitude for discussing general notions of men and manners, and leading subjects,—such is what the majority now principally require. And as in commerce, so in literature—the demand and the supply regulate each other. Accordingly every advertisement-sheet is crowded with announcements of summaries, and observations, and systems, and methods, for imparting knowledge to man without their having the trouble to think, and giving them learning without the necessity of their having to study. In all this one spirit is at work; even that of love of the superficial and transient, which just serves to make indolence seem clever, and nothing more. Memory is the chief faculty to which this "short and easy" plan of instruction refers; while the imagination, the reason, and the conscience, are left with little to expand or encourage their powers. And is not this a fatal tendency in the reigning taste of the times? Is this indeed education, or anything which approaches to the high consummation of mind truly advanced and ennobled? Is knowledge only to be measured by the objective amount which a sensual understanding and prompt memory can embrace and use; while the subjective discipline, which the heart should undergo in acquiring knowledge, is altogether slighted or forgot?

Another alarming tendency of our age is

#### THE DECLINE OF POETRY.

Most things, now, are estimated by the standard of the market, and weighed in the balances of the five senses; so that if any man dares to disentangle his mind from the materialism of the age, and speak in tones of spiritual loftiness concerning truth, and purity, and heaven, and enters in the higher forms of mental abstraction,—he must atone for his presumption by being treated as half insane by the wise in their own generation. The canons propounded by those who decide on what class of subjects poetry should be employed are, to the last degree, servile and deistic. Under the pretence of excluding from literature unmeaning bombast, and transcendental mysticism, they sensualize the mind down to a sordid level, and encourage its faculties to hold communion with little else than what the tongue can taste, the ear accredit, or the eye perceive. True, after some years of depreciation and scorn, the poems of Wordsworth, with their quiet strength, thought, and transparent genuineness of meaning, have toiled upward into something like public approval. But this has been partially accomplished by the enthusiastic homage which a corps of his admirers in the church, and in some of our reviews, have incessantly encircled these writ-



ings; and not so much resulted from the native growth of a better taste among the reading classes. Something, also, of an encouraging nature dawns upon us from the progress which Coleridge and Southey are making in popular estimation; but still, upon the whole, absurd parodies, severe caricatures, burlesques in rhyme, affecting stanzas to departed butterflies, together with songs for sentimental young ladies,—are the style of poetry which is just now most in vogue. How little calculated all this can be, either to enlarge the heart, or elevate the mind, and, above all, to capacitate our being for appreciating what is sacred in principle and what is sublime in purpose,—needs no argument to unfold. Meanwhile, let us close these remarks on the spirit of this unpoetic period, by a splendid extract from one whose severity of judgment guarded him from overrating what the imaginative literature might effect.

"Poesy," then saith Lord Bacon, "is feigned history, which may be styled as well in prose as in verse. The use of this feigned history hath been to give some satisfaction to the mind of man in those parts wherein the nature of things doth deny it; the world being in proportion inferior to the soul. By reason whereof there is, agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more ample variety than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore, because the acts or events of true history have not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroic; because history propoundeth the successes and issues of faction not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore poesy feigns them more just in retribution, and more according to revealed Providence: because true history representeth actions and events more ordinary, and less interchanged; therefore poesy endueth them with more raciness, and alternate variations: so as it appeareth that poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation. And therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind, by submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind, whereas reason doth bow and buckle the mind to the nature of things."

But however limited the encouragement afforded by the intellectual habits of the day to poetry, in its most spiritual mood,—no complaint can be made as to any deficiency in every species of literature connected with finance, commerce, exports and imports, and whatsoever tends to produce income, promote wealth, and heighten the luxuries of life. Hence, we are prepared for the dangerous pre-eminence to which the pursuits of physical science have obtained. They yield unto man a mastery over the elements, and over that materialism around and under him, by which the appetites and the senses of the body can be more extensively indulged and gratified. Now, except to minds of a very lofty cast indeed, and without a corrective balance brought to bear upon the heart, from moral studies, a perpetual contact with matter is always dangerous. By a process not easily traced in language, but most perceptibly experienced in result, the intellect thus becomes feverish, arrogant, and impatient, and when presented with truths which appeal to conscience for their real authentication, is prone to exact the clearness of physical evidence for what is abstract, or tempted to reject the spiritual element of truth altogether,—because it disdains alliance with what is merely palpable and earthly.

But we might go on gathering thus until a whole CRITIC should be filled with citations of equal interest, eloquence, and truth. We must reluctantly pause here, and if hereafter we should find two or three columns upon which there are no urgent claims, we shall add some further comments upon the theme of this thoughtful and thought-suggesting volume. Should no such opportunity occur, we conclude with recommending it to the careful perusal of our readers; and certainly we shall not fail to continue

as we have begun,—to infuse into the CRITIC the same spirit of antagonism to the material tendencies of the age which it was established to combat, and for which only its existence is worth preserving. Undoubtedly it is an unprofitable course, but it is honest and honourable, and we do not choose to abandon it.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*A Collection of Ancient Tracts and Manuscripts, reprinted at his private press by Charles Clark, an Amateur, at Totham, 1848.*

We have received six of these publications, to which, as a series, we have invented a title, for our space will not permit us to give to each a distinct notice, and yet are they so curious that we could not throw them aside among the other petty pamphlets with which a literary journal is deluged, and each one of which, with a price of sixpence or a shilling, modestly expects the same dedication of time and type as is accorded to a volume worth a guinea.

Of Mr. CLARK we know nothing but that which his title-page discloses. It seems that he is an amateur printer as well as editor, living at Totham, where he amuses himself with reprinting rare and curious tracts.

The first we open contains three documents. First "A Narrative of the Miraculous Cure of Anne Munnings, of Colchester, by Faith, Prayer, and Anointing with Oil, on New Years Day, 1705." She had been a cripple from her youth, and on the day named is said to have fallen into an ecstasy, and to have awakened cured. The second is a rare old ballad called "Crafty Kate of Colchester." The next an extraordinary love letter, which was addressed to a lady of Malden, 1644, and is an excellent specimen of the then fashionable mode of inditing such compositions:—

*To the most choice Gentlewoman, and ornament of her sexe, Mrs. Elizabeth Goode, daughter of Mr. Sebastian Goode, Esquire, at Malden.*

MRS. ELIZABETH,—I have long been an earnest suitor to your honour and deserts, that I might be admitted an humble suitor to your sweet self: now, after many striveings and wrestlings, I have almost prevailed. My next suit is, that your dearest self would comply with your dearest parents desires and mine: they are most ready to part with a great part of their estate for your sake, and I most willing to place all my joys and delights in you alone. Now it is, or will sodainely be, in your sole power to dash and frustrate, or crowne all my indeavours: hereby you will make me a most happy man, and your self (I hope) a no lesse happy spouse.

Well, sweete Mrs. Elizabeth, be not afraide to venture on me: as you have a most tender father, and a most indulgent mother, so lett me, that I think Providence kept for you, furnish you with a very, very loving husband. Could you reade my most inmost thoughts, you would soon answer love with love. I here promise you, and will make good this promise againe (when that happy daye comes) on holy ground, that I will love and honour you.

Knowe, this is my virgin request, the first request in earnest that ever came from my lippes or pen: my eyes have seene many yonge gallants and virgins, but Mrs. Elizabeth is the delight of my eyes. Others of your sexe have bene acceptable, and some precious in my eyes; but you, and you only, have been, and still are, the pearle in my eyes.

Amongst all the works of God, I delight most in beholdinge (the sun excepted) an amiable countenance; and such is yours, or none in these parts of England. Your face is a mappe of beauties, your gentle breast a cabinet of virtues, and your whole selfe a cluster of all the choicest delicacies: but, in plaine English, not your pleasing aspect, nor well-featured person, nor admired excellencies, nor weighty portion, fastened my affections on you, but

your love (of this I have bene long perswaded) to a man (myself I mean) so undeserving it.

As for myself, I am thought worthy of a good wife, though unworthy of you. These pretty toyes, called husbands, are such rare commodities in this age, that I can woe and winne wives by the dozens. I knowe not any gentlewoman in these parts, but would kisse a letter from my hands, reade it with joye, and then laye it up next her hart as a treasure; but I will not trye their courtesies except I find you discourteous.

My last request is this, take a turne in private, then read this letter againe, and imagine the penman at you elbow. Next laye your hand upon your hart, and resolve to saye Amen to my desires. If so, I shall accept your portion with the left hand, but your lovely person with the right. Portions I can have enough to my minde in other places, but not a wife to my minde in any place of the wide world but at Malden. I hope, therefore, no place shall furnish you with a husband but Kingstone, where lives in hope, your most hearty friend and servant,  
THOMAS BOURMAN.

From my Chamber, Dec. 2, 1644.

The next we open is entitled *Fairlop Fair and its Founder; or, Facts and Fun for the Forest Frolickers*. It contains a memoir of Mr. DANIEL DAY, the founder of that festivity. He was an engine-maker in St. John's, Wapping, born in the year 1683. His character was famous for all the virtues.

He was of a most charitable and humane temper, and exemplarily generous and liberal in his principles and actions; to evince this we need only mention his portioning off his twin nieces in his lifetime with 1,000*l.* each, one of whom lies buried near him. He would not only lend a distressed friend considerable sums, but he invariably refused the smallest interest, and very frequently forgave the principal; in short, his character for probity was such, that his neighbours were ever satisfied with his arbitrations in their disputes, to which his abilities were amply adequate; his memory was astonishingly retentive, in so great a degree, as to enable him to repeat, almost verbatim, a long discourse or sermon. He was not the enemy of any man, or particular description of men; but the muscles of his face were violently agitated whenever he heard of litigation in law, and he always professed to be uneasy in the company of the practitioners of it.

His death was anticipated by him some years before it took place, being suggested by the blasting by lightning of an old oak-tree of which he was particularly fond. He immediately made preparations to meet his own end.

He set about with alacrity a task which to some men would have been an awful preparation for the journey. His first business was to provide the repository; by the favour of the lord of the manor, he procured the dismembered limb of his favourite tree: this being done, he employed a Mr. Clear, a carpenter, to measure him for a coffin, and to make it out of this oak. Mr. Clear executed his job, and brought home his work, which was neatly panelled, and highly rubbed and varnished with bees-wax. Mr. Day viewed his future habitation with the utmost serenity and philosophy, and addressing himself to the carpenter, said, "Mr. Clear, I have heard that when a person dies he is much stretched, and consequently much longer than when living;" and punning upon the man's name, went on, "Now, Mr. Clear, it is not very CLEAR to me that you have made this coffin long enough, but, however, we'll try;" and laying himself down in the coffin, he found it too short. "Never mind it," says the stoic, "you must desire my executors to cut off my head and put it between my legs."

He died in the year 1767, at the venerable age of eighty-four, and was buried in his oak coffin at Barking.

His favourite oak, from which the fair took its origin, is thus described:—



This venerable and stupendous tree stood in Hainault Forest, about ten miles from London, three from Ilford, and two from the village of Chigwell, in Essex. The trunk, or main stem, of this giant of the forest, measured, about a yard from the ground, thirty-six feet in circumference! From this issued eleven vast arms, each of the dimensions of a tree of moderate growth. In the meridian of the day, about sixty years ago, it is said that its shadow extended over nearly an acre of ground! This tree was, about the year 1800, fenced round with a close paling, about five feet high, almost all the extremities of its branches sawed off, and Mr. Forsyth's composition applied to them, to preserve them from decay; and the injury which the trunk of the tree had sustained from the lighting of fires in the cavities, was repaired, as much as possible, by the same composition. At the same time, on one of the branches was fixed a board, with this inscription:—"All good Foresters are requested not to hurt this old Tree, a plaster having been lately applied to its wounds." The rabble, however, regardless of the respect due to the veteran of the forest, soon broke down the paling, lighted fires within the trunk, as heretofore, and in consequence, before long, several of the limbs were broken quite off. On the 25th of June, 1805, this famous oak was discovered to be on fire, occasioned by a party of sixty persons, who came from London in several carriages during the morning, and amused themselves through the day with playing at cricket and other sports; they had kindled a fire, which had spread very considerably after they left the spot, but it was not discovered for two hours. A number of persons came with water to extinguish the flames, which was not effected until the main branch on the south side, with part of the body, was consumed. The high winds of February 1820, however, stretched its massy trunk and limbs on that turf which it had for so many ages overshadowed with its verdant foliage; and thus it exhibited a melancholy memento of the irresistible power of time in bringing to an end not only the flower of a season, but also the towering growth of many ages.

The Fair thus originated:—Mr. DAY had an estate near Fairlop Oak, and when he went there to collect his rents, he made a rule of inviting his neighbours and treating them to beans and bacon under the canopy of the oak. This entertainment gave them so much pleasure that they agreed to meet regularly on the same spot on the 1st of July in every year. By degrees the circle increased, and it became a sort of jubilee-day, Mr. DAY presiding. All the neighbourhood kept it as a high holiday, visitors came from a distance, stalls were erected, shows and games followed, and in the end it was looked upon as one of the gayest and best conducted fairs in the neighbourhood of London, and was attended by the highest and the lowest.

A variety of ballads relating to the fair are appended to this history of its origin.

The third pamphlet is a verbatim reprint of a very scarce tract, entitled *Flying and no Failure, or Aerial Transit Accomplished more than a Century ago*. It is a minute account of an engine for flying withal, invented by JACOB DANIEL, of Royston, in 1751. It was written by his father, who asserts that he witnessed the experiment, and gives a detailed account of the machine. We omit the description, but we extract the narrative of what he saw:—

It was of almost an oval form, and each wing extended at least three yards at the sides from the floor, but at the two ends it was somewhat more; and there being a handle on each side the pipe or pump, he could make it go which way he would, by altering his own standing, as he told me, either on the one side or the other of the pump; for the side he stood on being the heaviest, and the other consequently mounting rather the highest, it would always move that way which end was the highest. I told him, I looked upon it as an ingenious sort of whim to try an experiment with, and that as I had seen it play, I was now satisfied it would

fly, but advised him to come down for fear of any accident. Jacob growing impatient of delay; Come, father, now I am mounted on my Eagle, says he, you shall see me fly. I would fain have dissuaded him; but he began with his pump-handle, and rising gently from the posts, away he went, almost two miles; then working his contrary handle, as he told me, he returned again, and passed by me to the other end of the mountain; then soaring a little as he came near me again; Father, says he, I can keep her up, if you can guide her to the posts. I did so, and he seemed so rejoiced at his flight, and so alert upon it, that perceiving with what ease it was managed, and how readily it went and returned, and he entreating me to take a turn with him, I at last consented. Jacob having brought me to his wish, opened his trap door in great joy and let me up; then making all fast, Father, says he, lie you, or sit close to the pump on that side, whilst I work it on this; and seeing me somewhat fearful, Don't be afraid, says he, hold by the pump-irons, you are as safe here as on the solid earth; then plying his handle, we rose, and away we went." (!!!)

The typography of these pamphlets is beautiful, a great deal of it being in old English, and great care has been taken in the editing of them.

#### JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

*The Indian in his Wigwam.* By HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT. New York: W. H. Graham.\*

A FEW weeks since we noticed *Notes on the Iroquois*, by the same author, and took occasion then to call the attention of our readers to the growing interest manifested in our country, in relation to the history and traditions of the Indians. The present volume is made up of the familiar opinions and fancies of the Child-man when in the enjoyment of social intercourse, the tales and traditions with which the elders amuse and interest the group around the wigwam embers in the seasons of repose. We may imagine the matron weaving her basket, the maiden busy with wampum belt; the child sits with open mouth devouring the tales of other days, while the mother laughs to see the contest between the listener and Weeng (the sleep god), who has evidently given him a blow with his tiny war-club.

Many of these legends are of the most dainty and beautiful kind, and the very absence of artistic merit, the fragmentary incompleteness,—nay, apparent barrenness of some, all attest the genuineness of the things themselves. They have the odour of the woods about them, the primitiveness and freshness of fancy belonging only to the mind in its incipency. A single additional touch of HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT sits out from the original like a new shingle amid the blackened covering of a roof—the spirit, tone, invention, all are aboriginal. We could wish that the author, whose opportunities for knowledge have been such as no man in the country can supply, would forget himself, and his own notions entirely, reject all extraneous and personal matter in his works of the kind, and come out in full costume of forest life. No one can do it so well; no one else can have a like material; and with but an ordinary share of address he might found a school or library, and become the text-book of all adventurers in wigwam lore. He should know his power, adhere to his one great department, and thus fully fill the niche designed him.

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MUKAKEE MINDEMOE; OR, THE TOAD-WOMAN.

Great good luck once happened to a young woman who was living all alone in the woods, with nobody

near her but her little dog, for, to her surprise, she found fresh meat every morning at her door. She felt very anxious to know who it was that supplied her, and watching one morning very early, she saw a handsome young man deposit the meat. After his being seen by her, he became her husband, and she had a son by him. One day, not long after this, the man did not return at evening, as usual, from hunting. She waited till late at night, but all in vain. Next day she swung her baby to sleep in its tikená-gun, or cradle, and then said to her dog: "Take care of your brother whilst I am gone; and when he cries, halloo for me." The cradle was made of the finest wampum, and all its bandages and decorations were of the same costly material. After a short time the woman heard the cry of her faithful dog, and, running home as fast as she could, she found her child gone and the dog too. But on looking round, she saw pieces of the wampum of her child's cradle bit off by the dog, who strove to retain the child and prevent his being carried off by an old woman, called Mukakee Mindemoe, or the Toad-Woman. The mother followed at full speed, and occasionally came to lodges inhabited by old women, who told her at what time the thief had passed; they also gave her shoes, that she might follow on. There were a number of these old women, who seemed as if they were all prophetesses. Each of them would say to her, that when she arrived in pursuit of her stolen child at the next lodge, she must set the toes of the moccasins they had loaned her pointing homewards, and they would return of themselves. She would get others from her entertainers further on, who would also give her directions how to proceed to recover her son. She thus followed in the pursuit, from valley to valley, and stream to stream, for months and years; when she came, at length, to the lodge of the friendly old Nocoes, or grandmothers, as they were called, who gave her final instructions how to proceed. She told her she was near the place where her son was, and directed her to build a lodge of shingob, or cedar-boughs, near the old Toad-Woman's lodge, and to make a little bark dish and squeeze her milk into it. "Then," she said, "your first child [meaning the dog] will come and find you out." She did accordingly, and in a short time she heard her son, now grown, going out to hunt, with his dog, calling out to him, "Monedo Pewaubik [that is, Steel or Spirit Iron], Twee! Twee! She then set ready the dish and filled it with her milk. The dog soon scented it and came into the lodge; she placed it before him. "See, my child," said she, addressing him, "the food you used to have from me, your mother." The dog went and told his young master that he had found his real mother: and informed him that the old woman, whom he called his mother, was not his mother, that she had stolen him when an infant in his cradle, and that he had himself followed her in hopes of getting him back. The young man and his dog then went on their hunting excursion, and brought back a great quantity of meat of all kinds. He said to his pretended mother, as he laid it down, "Send some to the stranger that has arrived lately." The old bag answered, "No! why should I send to her—the Sheegowish." He insisted; and she at last consented to take something, throwing it in at the door, with this remark, "My son gives you, or feeds you this." But it was of such an offensive nature, that she threw it immediately out after her.

After this the young man paid the stranger a visit at her lodge of cedar-boughs, and partook of her dish of milk. She then told him she was his real mother, and that he had been stolen away from her by the detestable Toad-Woman, who was a witch. He was not quite convinced. She said to him, "Feign yourself sick when you go home, and when the Toad-Woman asks what ails you, say that you want to see your cradle; for your cradle was of wampum, and your faithful brother, the dog, bit a piece off to try and detain you, which I picked up, as I followed in your track. They were real wampum, white and blue, shining and beautiful. She then shewed him the pieces. He went home and did as his real mother bid him. "Mother," said he, "why am I so different in my looks from the rest of your children?" "Oh," said she, "it was a very bright clear blue sky when you were born; that is the reason." When the Toad-Woman saw he was ill, she asked what she could do for him? He said nothing would do him good, but the sight of his cradle. She ran immediately and got a cedar cradle; but she said, "That is not my cradle." She went and got one of her own children's cradles (for she had four), but he turned his head and said, "That is not mine." She then produced the real cradle, and he saw it was the same, in

\* From the *American Literary World*.

\* Sheegowish, a widow; and mowigh, something nasty.



substance, with the pieces the other had shewn him; and he was convinced, for he could even see the marks of the dog's teeth upon it. He soon got well, and went out hunting, and killed a fat bear. He and his dog-brother then stripped a tall pine of all its branches, and stuck the carcass on the top, taking the usual sign of his having killed an animal—the tongue. He told the Toad-Woman where he had left it, saying, "It is very far, even to the end of the earth." She answered, "It is not so far but I can get it;" so off she set. As soon as she was gone, the young man and his dog killed the Toad-Woman's children, and staked them on each side of the door, with a piece of fat in their mouths, and then went to his real mother and hastened her departure with them. The Toad-Woman spent a long time in finding the bear, and had much ado in climbing the tree to get down the carcass. As she got near home, she saw the children looking out, apparently, with the fat in their mouths, and was angry at them, saying, "Why do you destroy the pomatum of your brother?" But her fury was great indeed when she saw they were killed and impaled. She ran after the fugitives as fast as she could, and was near overtaking them, when the young man said, "We are pressed hard, but let this stay her progress," throwing his fire-steel behind him, which caused the Toad-Woman to slip and fall repeatedly. But still she pursued and gained on them, when he threw behind him his flint, which again retarded her, for it made her slip and stumble, so that her knees were bleeding; but she continued to follow on, and was gaining ground, when the young man said, "Let the Oshau-shaw-gomin-un (snake-berry) spring up to detain her," and immediately these berries spread like scarlet all over the path for a long distance, which she could not avoid stooping down to pick and eat. Still she went on, and was again advancing on them, when the young man at last said to the dog, "Brother, chew her into a mummy, for she plagues us." So the dog, turning round, seized her and tore her to pieces, and they escaped.

So also the following chant, so pleasantly rendered, is a pretty exposition of the ready fancy of the Indian. The girls, in husking-time, find a blighted, crooked ear of corn. They all laugh merrily, and cry out "Wa-gamin." Now the simple fact is a blighted ear of corn; but with a liveliness of impersonation worthy of a Greek brain, an image is created of a little crooked old man stealing in to rob the corn-field, hence the following song and chorus, which is unlike anything in our literature for arch daintiness and originality. It can be nothing but Indian.

## CORN SONG.—Cereal chorus.

Wagemin! wagemin!  
Thief in the blade,  
Blight of the cornfield  
Paimosaid.

## Recitative.

See you not traces, while pulling the leaf,  
Plainly depicting the TAKER and thief?  
See you not signs by the ring and the spot,  
How the man crouched as he crept in the lot?  
Is it not plain, by this mark on the stalk,  
That he was heavily bent in his walk?  
Old man be nimble! the old should be good,  
But thou art a cowardly thief of the wood.

## Cereal chorus.

Wagemin! wagemin!  
Thief in the blade,  
Blight of the cornfield  
Paimosaid.

## Recitative.

Where, little TAKER of things not your own—  
Where is your rattle, your drum, and your bone?  
Surely a WALKER so nimble of speed,  
Surely he must be a Meta\* indeed.  
See how he stoops, as he breaks off the ear,  
Nushka!† he seems for a moment in fear;  
Walker, be nimble—oh! walker be brief,  
Hoo!‡ it is plain the old man is the thief.

## Cereal chorus.

Wagemin! wagemin!  
Thief in the blade,  
Blight of the cornfield  
Paimosaid.

## Recitative.

Wabuma!§ corn-taker, why do you lag?  
None but the stars see you—fill up your bag!  
Why do you linger to gaze as you pull,  
Tell me, my little man, is it most full!  
A-tia!|| see, a red spot on the leaf,  
Surely a warrior cannot be a thief!  
Ah, little night-thief, be deer your pursuit,  
And leave here no print of your dastardly foot.

\* A juggler.

† A sharp exclamation quickly to behold something striking.

‡ A derogatory exclamation.

§ Behold thou,

|| A masculine exclamation, to express surprise.

It is time we learn to regard not only with appreciation, but with miserly care, the fresh and invigorating elements to be derived from the mythology and traditions of the aborigines. The progress of society develops always nearly the same results; the heroic casting itself into the one great epic of a nation, which can be but once; then come the ballad and the romance, where sentiment intervenes and luxury has made her way, followed by mysticism, and religion, and intellect, with all the didactic shades of poetry hardly escaped from prose; and then the poetry of emotion, the subsidence of the heroic, the weariness of the intellectual, the carnival of conceit and fancy; where we have neither the stirrings of action nor the thrills of passion, but the dreaming reverie, the just, not insane, emotion, which holds the reader in uneasy thrall, from which he would be glad to escape even into the wildness and grotesqueness of the past; into the hard genuineness of action and passion, rather than be held in that lukewarm intermediate state which is neither. God shield us from the Dead-Sea tameness and mawkishness which the whole Tennysonian school, both here and abroad, is spreading over our literature. It is like those meshes which the Indian magician is said to have spread over a whole region of country,—spider-threads, which left all things free, but unable to rise above a certain level.

Far be it from us to wish to recall any age of corrupt literature; but we solemnly believe that the Laras and Corsairs, with all their gloom and passion, were not half as destructive to right thought and right action as the dreamy Locksley Halls, and the threadbare and revolting sentimentalisms which they call into play. Old King David, with his great and startling sins, and downright honest repentance, is a tenfold stronger advocate for the good, than the wise, acute, and sensual Solomon. That brain must be dull indeed, which does not gather from things like these a strong and wholesome truth. We do need the primitive, the fresh, healthful elements of the new, the savage even (and the Child of Genius, always elementary in his mind, is nothing but the savage of a civilised state of things), to impart that vigour, courage, and originality so much needed in the literature of a great people, and gladly should we receive it from any source, best of all when thrust in our way as in the case of the Indian, now so rapidly passing away, or losing his distinctive greatness in the progress of civilisation. The giants of old, in their scaling of the battlements of heaven, were obliged to touch the earth, and from thence arose with greater power—and He, the Saviour of men, when beset by the precedents of a past time, and the laws of the great Founder of the Jews, "stooped down and wrote upon the earth"—the finger of a God inscribing a new truth. The nearest earth and nearest heaven. The original was "upright,"—that is, direct in his tendencies; but the "inventions" of men belong to the progress of his cultivation, and remove him from the primitive power and beauty and singleness of the true man.

We are apparently straying from our subject; but if our reader has followed us he will perceive that we are pleading for the genuineness of all the great faculties, which go to make up a full being, and to show that an artificial state of things, which society involves (and which is the true state of society), is likely to destroy much that is essential to breadth and dignity of character; and is apt to create a polished, flimsy substitute, from which the heroic has quite died out: a class of fine, sentimental heroes, such as we find in the lesser dramatists, but who, as compared with the Atarhos of the Indian, are like his own Moowis, or rag and snow man; or, to draw a more familiar illustration, are the modern fine gentlemen, as compared with the Hotspurs, and Macbeths, and Lears, and Othellos of Shakspeare—the Mephistophiles of Goethe, as compared with the Lucifer of Milton.

Again we say, the freshness and vigour of thought suggested by these Indian myths and legends, are invaluable to us in the way of literature. The OTNEYARI, or "Stonish Giants," are as worthy of reference as the Titans; and Weeng, the god of sleep, exceeds the Morpheus in appropriateness of imagery. The Nau-ben-a-beags, or water spirits,

and the Puck-wud-jees, or Fairies, lose nothing by comparison with the neat, dainty, and freakish conceptions of the kind amongst any people; add to this, that these Pythagoreans of the woods had formed metamorphoses as startling as those of the gloomy Egyptians, and beautiful as those of Greece; that their Chemanitou was far more spiritual, and solitary, and sublime than any god worshipped by any Pagan people; and their land of spirits, divested of all sensuality; and the Indian, as we call him, will seem to stand apart from other rude people in the abstract grandeur of his conceptions. If the oriental world has always been in bondage to the immutable Parme, the occidental is not the less in thrall to a similar terrible destiny.

They had named certain constellations from their resemblance to the fox, the hare, the robin, and the eagle; and the Ursa Major had received likewise the name of the bear; men renowned for peculiar virtues became stars and planets. We might go on, did our limits admit, and give a Pantheon of gods and demi-gods, sylvan and aquatic divinities, with their histories and qualities as rare as they are graceful.

The conciseness of their language—as words often conveying a sentence—admits of great freedom in the way of translation, in order to give the full spirit of the original; did our translators fully comprehend this, we should not have the meagre and choppy phraseology, which they so often put into the mouths of the warriors and orators of the Indian. Their dances and songs are full of enthusiasm; and their wild melancholy cadences have a meaning and fervour to thrill the hearts of the spectator. Witness the death-song of the warrior stretched upon the battle-field, who already feels the renown that still keeps his name fresh with his people.

## DEATH-SONG—"A' be tuh gé zhig."

Under the hollow sky, stretched on the Prairie lone,  
Centre of glory, I, bleeding, disdain to groan,  
But like a battle cry peal forth my thunder moan.

Star—Morning Star, whose ray still with the dawn I see,  
Quenchless through half the day, gazing thou seest me—  
Yon birds of carnage, they fright not my gaze from thee!

Bird, in thine airy rings over the foeman's line,  
Why do thy flapping wings nearer me thus incline?  
Blood of the Daintless brings courage, oh, bird, to thine!  
Hark to those Spirit-notes! ye high Heroes divine!  
Hymned from your god-like throats that Song of Praise is mine!

Mine, whose grave-pennon floats over the foeman's line!

Again, we regret the want of system in bringing such material before the public. The work has neither preface nor table of contents, and so little arrangement exists throughout, that one is puzzled to find what he most wishes to know: we have glintings of things, but rarely completeness. Yet we give the work a hearty welcome as invaluable in its kind, only begging the author, in time to come, to adopt a better mode of presentation.

*Old Wine in New Bottles; or, Spare Hours of a Student in Paris.* By A. K. GARDNER, M.D.  
New York, 1848. C. S. Francis and Co.\*

THIS volume is made up of a series of letters which were published originally, about two years since, in the *Newark Advertiser*. The attention bestowed upon them at the time induced Dr. GARDNER to issue them in a collected form; and, with the prevalent taste for books of travel, the reading world can scarcely fail to give the book a cordial welcome. The author does not possess the tact of SANDERSON or the humour of JEWETT, but he has touchy upon some features of Parisian life overlooked by them. There are numerous amusing, and rather neglected facts brought to view, and many of the descriptions are lucid, authentic, and clever.

## METHODS OF GETTING A LIVING AMONG THE POOR—BREAD—CHIFFONIERS—DOGS.

There are many ways of getting a livelihood in Paris. This is not difficult—for those who have education; but the ignorant and poor are reduced to all sorts of expedients. One, who has ten or fifteen dollars at command, purchases a vehicle mounted on two wheels, with the body suspended on springs. His credit will fill this with commodities of various kinds. Another procures fruits, which he divides into piles, according to the quality, and sells at dif-

\* From the *Literary World*.



This venerable and stupendous tree stood in Hainault Forest, about ten miles from London, three from Ilford, and two from the village of Chigwell, in Essex. The trunk, or main stem, of this giant of the forest, measured, about a yard from the ground, thirty-six feet in circumference! From this issued eleven vast arms, each of the dimensions of a tree of moderate growth. In the meridian of the day, about sixty years ago, it is said that its shadow extended over nearly an acre of ground! This tree was, about the year 1800, fenced round with a close paling, about five feet high, almost all the extremities of its branches sawed off, and Mr. Forsyth's composition applied to them, to preserve them from decay; and the injury which the trunk of the tree had sustained from the lighting of fires in the cavities, was repaired, as much as possible, by the same composition. At the same time, on one of the branches was fixed a board, with this inscription:—"All good Foresters are requested not to hurt this old Tree, a plaster having been lately applied to its wounds." The rabble, however, regardless of the respect due to the veteran of the forest, soon broke down the paling, lighted fires within the trunk, as heretofore, and in consequence, before long, several of the limbs were broken quite off. On the 25th of June, 1805, this famous oak was discovered to be on fire, occasioned by a party of sixty persons, who came from London in several carriages during the morning, and amused themselves through the day with playing at cricket and other sports; they had kindled a fire, which had spread very considerably after they left the spot, but it was not discovered for two hours. A number of persons came with water to extinguish the flames, which was not effected until the main branch on the south side, with part of the body, was consumed. The high winds of February 1820, however, stretched its massy trunk and limbs on that turf which it had for so many ages overshadowed with its verdant foliage; and thus it exhibited a melancholy memento of the irresistible power of time in bringing to an end not only the flower of a season, but also the towering growth of many ages.

The Fair thus originated:—Mr. DAY had an estate near Fairlop Oak, and when he went there to collect his rents, he made a rule of inviting his neighbours and treating them to beans and bacon under the canopy of the oak. This entertainment gave them so much pleasure that they agreed to meet regularly on the same spot on the 1st of July in every year. By degrees the circle increased, and it became a sort of jubilee-day, Mr. DAY presiding. All the neighbourhood kept it as a high holiday, visitors came from a distance, stalls were erected, shows and games followed, and in the end it was looked upon as one of the gayest and best conducted fairs in the neighbourhood of London, and was attended by the highest and the lowest.

A variety of ballads relating to the fair are appended to this history of its origin.

The third pamphlet is a verbatim reprint of a very scarce tract, entitled *Flying and no Failure, or Aerial Transit Accomplished more than a Century ago*. It is a minute account of an engine for flying withal, invented by JACOB DANIEL, of Royston, in 1751. It was written by his father, who asserts that he witnessed the experiment, and gives a detailed account of the machine. We omit the description, but we extract the narrative of what he saw:—

It was of almost an oval form, and each wing extended at least three yards at the sides from the floor, but at the two ends it was somewhat more; and there being a handle on each side the pipe or pump, he could make it go which way he would, by altering his own standing, as he told me, either on the one side or the other of the pump; for the side he stood on being the heaviest, and the other consequently mounting rather the highest, it would always move that way which end was the highest. I told him, I looked upon it as an ingenious sort of whim to try an experiment with, and that as I had seen it play, I was now satisfied it would

fly, but advised him to come down for fear of any accident. Jacob growing impatient of delay; Come, father, now I am mounted on my Eagle, says he, you shall see me fly. I would fain have dissuaded him; but he began with his pump-handle, and rising gently from the posts, away he went, almost two miles; then working his contrary handle, as he told me, he returned again, and passed by me to the other end of the mountain; then soaring a little as he came near me again; Father, says he, I can keep her up, if you can guide her to the posts. I did so, and he seemed so rejoiced at his flight, and so alert upon it, that perceiving with what ease it was managed, and how readily it went and returned, and he entreating me to take a turn with him, I at last consented. Jacob having brought me to his wish, opened his trap door in great joy and let me up; then making all fast, Father, says he, lie you, or sit close to the pump on that side, whilst I work it on this; and seeing me somewhat fearful, Don't be afraid, says he, hold by the pump-irons, you are as safe here as on the solid earth; then plying his handle, we rose, and away we went.—(!!!)

The typography of these pamphlets is beautiful, a great deal of it being in old English, and great care has been taken in the editing of them.

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Great good luck once happened to a young woman who was living all alone in the woods, with nobody

near her but her little dog, for, to her surprise, she found fresh meat every morning at her door. She felt very anxious to know who it was that supplied her, and watching one morning very early, she saw a handsome young man deposit the meat. After his being seen by her, he became her husband, and she had a son by him. One day, not long after this, the man did not return at evening, as usual, from hunting. She waited till late at night, but all in vain. Next day she swung her baby to sleep in its tikenagun, or cradle, and then said to her dog: "Take care of your brother whilst I am gone; and when he cries, halloo for me." The cradle was made of the finest wampum, and all its bandages and decorations were of the same costly material. After a short time the woman heard the cry of her faithful dog, and, running home as fast as she could, she found her child gone and the dog too. But on looking round, she saw pieces of the wampum of her child's cradle bit off by the dog, who strove to retain the child and prevent his being carried off by an old woman, called Mukakee Mindemoea, or the Toad-Woman. The mother followed at full speed, and occasionally came to lodges inhabited by old women, who told her at what time the thief had passed; they also gave her shoes, that she might follow on. There were a number of these old women, who seemed as if they were all prophetesses. Each of them would say to her, that when she arrived in pursuit of her stolen child at the next lodge, she must set the toes of the moccasins they had loaned her pointing homewards, and they would return of themselves. She would get others from her entertainers further on, who would also give her directions how to proceed to recover her son. She thus followed in the pursuit, from valley to valley, and stream to stream, for months and years; when she came, at length, to the lodge of the friendly old Nocoos, or grandmothers, as they were called, who gave her final instructions how to proceed. She told her she was near the place where her son was, and directed her to build a lodge of shingob, or cedar-boughs, near the old Toad-Woman's lodge, and to make a little bark dish and squeeze her milk into it. "Then," she said, "your first child [meaning the dog] will come and find you out." She did accordingly, and in a short time she heard her son, now grown, going out to hunt, with his dog, calling out to him, "Monedo Pewaubik [that is, Steel or Spirit Iron], Twee! Twee! She then set ready the dish and filled it with her milk. The dog soon scented it and came into the lodge; she placed it before him. "See, my child," said she, addressing him, "the food you used to have from me, your mother." The dog went and told his young master that he had found his real mother: and informed him that the old woman, whom he called his mother, was not his mother, that she had stolen him when an infant in his cradle, and that he had himself followed her in hopes of getting him back. The young man and his dog then went on their hunting excursion, and brought back a great quantity of meat of all kinds. He said to his pretended mother, as he laid it down, "Send some to the stranger that has arrived lately." The old hag answered, "No! why should I send to her—the Sheegowish?" He insisted; and she at last consented to take something, throwing it in at the door, with this remark, "My son gives you, or feeds you this." But it was of such an offensive nature, that she threw it immediately out after her.

After this the young man paid the stranger a visit at her lodge of cedar-boughs, and partook of her dish of milk. She then told him she was his real mother, and that he had been stolen away from her by the detestable Toad-Woman, who was a witch. He was not quite convinced. She said to him, "Feign yourself sick when you go home, and when the Toad-Woman asks what ails you, say that you want to see your cradle; for your cradle was of wampum, and your faithful brother, the dog, bit a piece off to try and detain you, which I picked up, as I followed in your track. They were real wampum, white and blue, shining and beautiful. She then shewed him the pieces. He went home and did as his real mother bid him. "Mother," said he, "why am I so different in my looks from the rest of your children?" "Oh," said she, "it was a very bright clear blue sky when you were born; that is the reason." When the Toad-Woman saw he was ill, she asked what she could do for him? He said nothing would do him good, but the sight of his cradle. She ran immediately and got a cedar cradle; but she said, "That is not my cradle." She went and got one of her own children's cradles (for she had four), but he turned his head and said, "That is not mine." She then produced the real cradle, and he saw it was the same, in

\* From the *American Literary World*.

\* Sheegowish, a widow; and mowigh, something nasty.



substance, with the pieces the other had shewn him; and he was convinced, for he could even see the marks of the dog's teeth upon it. He soon got well, and went out hunting, and killed a fat bear. He and his dog-brother then stripped a tall pine of all its branches, and stuck the carcass on the top, taking the usual sign of his having killed an animal—the tongue. He told the Toad-Woman where he had left it, saying, "It is very far, even to the end of the earth." She answered, "It is not so far but I can get it;" so off she set. As soon as she was gone, the young man and his dog killed the Toad-Woman's children, and staked them on each side of the door, with a piece of fat in their mouths, and then went to his real mother and hastened her departure with them. The Toad-Woman spent a long time in finding the bear, and had much ado in climbing the tree to get down the carcass. As she got near home, she saw the children looking out, apparently, with the fat in their mouths, and was angry at them, saying, "Why do you destroy the pomatum of your brother?" But her fury was great indeed when she saw they were killed and impaled. She ran after the fugitives as fast as she could, and was near overtaking them, when the young man said, "We are pressed hard, but let this stay her progress," throwing his fire-steel behind him, which caused the Toad-Woman to slip and fall repeatedly. But still she pursued and gained on them, when he threw behind him his flint, which again retarded her, for it made her slip and stumble, so that her knees were bleeding; but she continued to follow on, and was gaining ground, when the young man said, "Let the Oshau-shaw-gomin-un (snake-berry) spring up to detain her," and immediately these berries spread like scarlet all over the path for a long distance, which she could not avoid stooping down to pick and eat. Still she went on, and was again advancing on them, when the young man at last said to the dog, "Brother, chew her into a mummy, for she plagues us." So the dog, turning round, seized her and tore her to pieces, and they escaped.

So also the following chant, so pleasantly rendered, is a pretty exposition of the ready fancy of the Indian. The girls, in husking-time, find a blighted, crooked ear of corn. They all laugh merrily, and cry out "Wa-gamin." Now the simple fact is a blighted ear of corn; but with a liveliness of impersonation worthy of a Greek brain, an image is created of a little crooked old man stealing in to rob the corn-field, hence the following song and chorus, which is unlike anything in our literature for arch daintiness and originality. It can be nothing but Indian.

CORN SONG.—*Cereal chorus.*

Wagemin! wagemin!  
Thief in the blade,  
Blight of the cornfield  
Paimosaid.

*Recitative.*

See you not traces, while pulling the leaf,  
Plainly depicting the *TAKER* and thief?  
See you not signs by the ring and the spot,  
How the man crouched as he crept in the lot?  
Is it not plain, by this mark on the stalk,  
That he was heavily bent in his walk?  
Old man be nimble! the old should be good,  
But thou art a cowardly thief of the wood.

*Cereal chorus.*

Wagemin! wagemin!  
Thief in the blade,  
Blight of the cornfield  
Paimosaid.

*Recitative.*

Where, little *TAKER* of things not your own—  
Where is your rattle, your drum, and your bone?  
Surely a *WALKER* so nimble of speed,  
Surely he must be a *Meta*\* indeed.  
See how he stoops, as he breaks off the ear,  
Nushka!† he seems for a moment in fear;  
Walker, be nimble—oh! walker be brief,  
Hook!‡ it is plain the old man is the thief.

*Cereal chorus.*

Wagemin! wagemin!  
Thief in the blade,  
Blight of the cornfield  
Paimosaid.

*Recitative.*

Wabuma!§ corn-taker, why do you lag?  
None but the stars see you—fill up your bag!  
Why do you linger to gaze as you pull,  
Tell me, my little man, is it most full!  
A-tia!|| see, a red spot on the leaf,  
Surely a warrior cannot be a thief!  
Ah, little night-thief, be deer your pursuit,  
And leave here no print of your dastardly foot.

\* A juggler.

† A sharp exclamation quickly to behold something striking.

‡ A derogatory exclamation.

§ Behold thou,

|| A masculine exclamation, to express surprise.

It is time we learn to regard not only with appreciation, but with miserly care, the fresh and invigorating elements to be derived from the mythology and traditions of the aborigines. The progress of society develops always nearly the same results; the heroic casting itself into the one great epic of a nation, which can be but once; then come the ballad and the romance, where sentiment intervenes and luxury has made her way, followed by mysticism, and religion, and intellect, with all the didactic shades of poetry hardly escaped from prose; and then the poetry of emotion, the subsidence of the heroic, the weariness of the intellectual, the carnival of conceit and fancy; where we have neither the stirrings of action nor the thrills of passion, but the dreaming reverie, the just, not insane, emotion, which holds the reader in uneasy thrall, from which he would be glad to escape even into the wildness and grotesqueness of the past; into the hard genuineness of action and passion, rather than be held in that lukewarm intermediate state which is neither. God shield us from the Dead-Sea tameness and mawkishness which the whole Tennysonian school, both here and abroad, is spreading over our literature. It is like those meshes which the Indian magician is said to have spread over a whole region of country,—spider-threads, which left all things free, but unable to rise above a certain level.

Far be it from us to wish to recall any age of corrupt literature; but we solemnly believe that the Laras and Corsairs, with all their gloom and passion, were not half as destructive to right thought and right action as the dreamy Locksley Halls, and the threadbare and revolting sentimentalisms which they call into play. Old King David, with his great and startling sins, and downright honest repentance, is a tenfold stronger advocate for the good, than the wise, acute, and sensual Solomon. That brain must be dull indeed, which does not gather from things like these a strong and wholesome truth. We do need the primitive, the fresh, healthful elements of the new, the savage even (and the Child of Genius, always elementary in his mind, is nothing but the savage of a civilised state of things), to impart that vigour, courage, and originality so much needed in the literature of a great people, and gladly should we receive it from any source, best of all when thrust in our way as in the case of the Indian, now so rapidly passing away, or losing his distinctive greatness in the progress of civilisation. The giants of old, in their scaling of the battlements of heaven, were obliged to touch the earth, and from thence arose with greater power—and He, the Saviour of men, when beset by the precedents of a past time, and the laws of the great Founder of the Jews, "stooped down and wrote upon the earth"—the finger of a God inscribing a new truth. The nearest earth and nearest heaven. The original was "upright,"—that is, direct in his tendencies; but the "inventions" of men belong to the progress of his cultivation, and remove him from the primitive power and beauty and singleness of the true man.

We are apparently straying from our subject; but if our reader has followed us he will perceive that we are pleading for the genuineness of all the great faculties, which go to make up a full being, and to show that an artificial state of things, which society involves (and which is the true state of society), is likely to destroy much that is essential to breadth and dignity of character; and is apt to create a polished, flimsy substitute, from which the heroic has quite died out: a class of fine, sentimental heroes, such as we find in the lesser dramatists, but who, as compared with the Atatarhos of the Indian, are like his own Moowis, or rag and snow man; or, to draw a more familiar illustration, are the modern fine gentlemen, as compared with the Hotspurs, and Macbeths, and Lears, and Othellos of Shakespeare—the Mephistophiles of Goethe, as compared with the Lucifer of Milton.

Again we say, the freshness and vigour of thought suggested by these Indian myths and legends, are invaluable to us in the way of literature. The OTNEYARH, or "Stonish Giants," are as worthy of reference as the Titans; and Weeng, the god of sleep, exceeds the Morpheus in appropriateness of imagery. The Nau-ben-a-beags, or water spirits,

and the Puck-wud-jees, or Fairies, lose nothing by comparison with the neat, dainty, and freakish conceptions of the kind amongst any people; add to this, that these Pythagoreans of the woods had formed metamorphoses as startling as those of the gloomy Egyptians, and beautiful as those of Greece; that their Chemanitou was far more spiritual, and solitary, and sublime than any god worshipped by any Pagan people; and their land of spirits, divested of all sensuality; and the Indian, as we call him, will seem to stand apart from other rude people in the abstract grandeur of his conceptions. If the oriental world has always been in bondage to the immutable Paræ, the occidental is not the less in thrall to a similar terrible destiny.

They had named certain constellations from their resemblance to the fox, the hare, the robin, and the eagle; and the Ursa Major had received likewise the name of the bear; men renowned for peculiar virtues became stars and planets. We might go on, did our limits admit, and give a Pantheon of gods and demi-gods, sylvan and aquatic divinities, with their histories and qualities as rare as they are graceful.

The conciseness of their language—as words often conveying a sentence—admits of great freedom in the way of translation, in order to give the full spirit of the original; did our translators fully comprehend this, we should not have the meagre and choppy phraseology, which they so often put into the mouths of the warriors and orators of the Indian. Their dances and songs are full of enthusiasm; and their wild melancholy cadences have a meaning and fervour to thrill the hearts of the spectator. Witness the death-song of the warrior stretched upon the battle-field, who already feels the renown that still keeps his name fresh with his people.

## DEATH-SONG—"A' be tuh gé zhig."

Under the hollow sky, stretched on the Prairie lone,  
Centre of glory, I, bleeding, disdain to groan,  
But like a battle cry peal forth my thunder moan.

Star—Morning Star, whose ray still with the dawn I see,  
Quenchless through half the day, gazing thou seest me—  
Yon birds of carnage, they fright not my gaze from thee!

Bird, in thine airy rings over the foe-man's line,  
Why do thy flapping wings nearer me thus incline?

Blood of the Dauntless brings courage, oh, bird, to thine!

Hark to those Spirit-notes! ye high Heroes divine!

Hymned from your god-like throats that Song of Praise is mine!

Mine, whose grave-pennon floats over the foe-man's line!

Again, we regret the want of system in bringing such material before the public. The work has neither preface nor table of contents, and so little arrangement exists throughout, that one is puzzled to find what he most wishes to know: we have glintings of things, but rarely completeness. Yet we give the work a hearty welcome as invaluable in its kind, only begging the author, in time to come, to adopt a better mode of presentation.

*Old Wine in New Bottles; or, Spare Hours of a Student in Paris.* By A. K. GARDNER, M.D. New York, 1848. C. S. Francis and Co.\*

THIS volume is made up of a series of letters which were published originally, about two years since, in the *Newark Advertiser*. The attention bestowed upon them at the time induced Dr. GARDNER to issue them in a collected form; and, with the prevalent taste for books of travel, the reading world can scarcely fail to give the book a cordial welcome. The author does not possess the tact of SANDERSON or the humour of JEWETT, but he has touchy upon some features of Parisian life overlooked by them. There are numerous amusing, and rather neglected facts brought to view, and many of the descriptions are lucid, authentic, and clever.

## METHODS OF GETTING A LIVING AMONG THE POOR—BREAD—CHIFFONIERS—DOGS.

There are many ways of getting a livelihood in Paris. This is not difficult—for those who have education; but the ignorant and poor are reduced to all sorts of expedients. One, who has ten or fifteen dollars at command, purchases a vehicle mounted on two wheels, with the body suspended on springs. His credit will fill this with commodities of various kinds. Another procures fruits, which he divides into piles, according to the quality, and sells at dif-

\* From the *Literary World*.



ferent prices. A third gets a supply of paper, blank books, ink, sealing wax, and the "everything" necessary to make one an accomplished writer. A fourth collects glass ware, crockery for the table and kitchen, spoons, knives and forks, and a dozen other articles, starts on a pilgrimage, and offers everything he has at the same price. Being blessed with fine lungs, all these make themselves heard at an immense distance, the high shrill tones of the women making full compensation for any want of force. A slight nasality proves very attractive to customers. *Tous les articles du bureau pour huit sous ! Tout qu'il faut pour la cuisine pour dix sous ! Voyez, mesdames !* And so they go, making a confounded, everlasting clatter under one's windows all day long. With the aid of a candle enveloped in red paper, the same clamorous traffic is continued till ten o'clock at night. But what is the commotion yonder? Look! The ambulatory shop, which has been besieged for a long time at the corner of the street by spectators and purchasers—none are too proud to buy of them—is suddenly darting away at a speed which threatens destruction to its fragile commodities. What is the mighty cause? Do you see two men in black dresses and white buttons, with cocked hat and sword, just entering the street? With what a self-important gait they walk! Those are gentlemen of the police. The law forbids these perambulating merchants to stop, and these are the officers to enforce its sanctions. The penalty is fine and confiscation of the goods.

Begging is another method. This being prohibited, innumerable artifices are in use to evade the law. In the portals of the churches, old men and women sit with a brush wet with holy water, and expect a sou or two for their trouble. On the bridge called Pont des Arts, sits a blind old woman with a roll or two of pencils before her. Give her a sou, and take or leave a pencil, as you please. She prefers the latter. Sometimes one is accosted a dozen times an hour by persons who have a paper-cutter, which they pray you to buy for the love of Heaven, and in mercy for many starving wives and children at home. Hand-organs, wonderful infantine prodigies, who play marvellously on wretched fiddles and harps, accompanying their instrumentation with voices, calling on the spirits of the high notes of a song, but which refuse to come when called. A few days ago, in the court of a respectable house, I heard a strange noise, which no fancy in fine frenzy rolling, on my part, was able to manufacture into music. On examination, I found it was a man who owned good lungs, if he had no ear. Unable to procure a crank-going instrument, and lacking skill to perform on any other, he had got a French horn, and through this he was blowing a hurricane, till the occupants of the chambers should be willing to capitulate. Connected with the musical line of business is the Block-tin cock seller. This branch of trade is much greater here than in America, arising principally, as I judge, from the fact, that all the water drunk comes from the river Seine, which, being turbid, requires filtration. Every family is therefore provided with an instrument for the purpose, whose cocks are frequently getting out of repair. The itinerant carries on his shoulders a sort of monument-shaped contrivance, composed of an odd mixture of bright tin, and red or some other showy coloured velvet. This contains numerous perforations, into which is thrust his merchandise. To draw attention to his wares, he carries a trumpet, which he blows with very little cessation. A handsome young merchant passes by my apartments almost daily, who plays several tunes, and really quite skilfully. Another of the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal race are the water-carriers on a large scale. These have hogheads mounted on wheels, and drawn by a horse. They go round the streets with a metallic pail on their heads. A loud noise is easily made with the iron pail. The small merchants have two pails, which they fill from the aqueducts at the corners of the streets, and empty into the filters for a sou apiece; no charge made for the mud deposited by their sabots on the entries and floors.

An interesting man is he, who is met at every step, making known by loud cries, that he is a *marchand d'habit*. A much more appropriate term is old clothes man. He buys and sells every article of dress. At night he carries the remains to the "Temple," where his wife patches them up, makes them as good as new, and sells them herself, while he is abroad seeking for more. One of them has just passed my window. Behind is an old lame woman bearing a long pole, from which silken cords are suspended. Not the cords of Hymen, ladies, but equally near to your bosoms,—they are stay-lacings. Immediately in the rear comes a porter, who, with a frame and basket, applied with straps to his shoulders, is lugging some four or five hundred pounds of wood and coal into

the fifth story of the opposite house. How dexterously that young woman balances the basket, containing perhaps a gross of eggs, upon her head! She threads her way through the crowd quite calmly. I'll watch and see how she will contrive to give nod of recognition to her acquaintance, for she will not be lacking in politeness. So, she is gone—but here comes a woman with lamp shades. Mercy! what a screeching! O, "cease, rude Boreas!" To what base uses are the limbs of woman, by nature delicate, applied! There is one, for example, coming yonder, bending under the weight of an omnibus wheel of the largest size! Why, the women of my country would not put their fingers to a spinning-wheel even, though they could thereby spin out a longer thread of life; which would be the result, if they had the good sense to revive some of the obsolete habits of their grandmothers. Besides, women are not made Venuses by idleness in America, any more than by excessive labour in France. At the corner of the street one sees a box, on the top of which is a raised block of the size of the foot, having about the same resemblance to that member in man, as the print did, which Robinson Crusoe discovered in the sand. That worthy, if I recollect aright, was so astonished at the curiosity, that he put his foot into it. It is altogether probable, when you notice this singular appearance in the street, that you will be tempted to follow his laudable example. If you should, the moment you place your foot upon the stand, you will find an astonishing brilliancy come over it, and what is more, that you have three sous to pay.

Perhaps one of the most perfect luxuries yet discovered is to be found at the operas and ball-rooms. Many a man prefers walking to these places to riding at twenty-five cents, the trip. I shall not stop to account for a freak of taste; *de gustibus non*. He does not, however, wish to enter with unpolished boots. And he need not, but on the contrary, his embarrassment is converted into a novel source of positive pleasure. In a small room attached to the establishment, he is directed to mount a step or two, place himself in a velvet-covered seat, and put his feet on two stands—a position of sweet repose—and a newspaper is then handed to him to read. Two persons, one for each boot, soon obliterate the spots, and put him on an equal footing with those who have come in a vehicle. Thus he has escaped a perplexity, and enjoyed a Turkish luxury besides—this is a clear gain. The two females, who once performed this agreeable office for me, as I was giving to Madame, the proprietress of the brushes and blacking, my gratuity of three sous, anxiously hoped that I would not forget the *garçon*. Connected with this are the *Cabinets d'aisance*, equally cheap. In the United States, everybody makes more or less bread. In Paris, and, I believe, in France generally, this devolves on the bakers entirely. Hot biscuits are unknown. Bread is of different qualities, and the price is fixed twice a month by the government. This depends on the price of grain, and is of course exceedingly variable. The regulation is undoubtedly introduced for the benefit of the poorer classes, that they may not be compelled by avaricious dealers to pay an exorbitant sum. Every baker in Paris is obliged to keep constantly deposited in the *Grénier de Réserve* twenty full sized sacks of flour. This store-house is of immense size, and was built by order of Napoleon to contain sufficient grain for four months' consumption of the city. In addition to this quantity, the bakers have frequently a good deal more deposited there, for the storage of which they pay a moderate charge. The cellars contain wine. This vast granary is much smaller than it was at first intended to be. The original plan of building it five stories high, besides the ground floor, was abandoned in 1816. Being then in an unfinished state—the ground floor only completed—it was roofed, and divided into three stories. It is two thousand one hundred and sixty feet long by sixty-four wide, and thirty-two high.

Bread is baked in loaves of two and four pounds, and also in the form of rolls for breakfast. It is of various degrees of consistence and character, but always good. The loaves have a peculiar shape. A two pound loaf is nearly two and a half feet long; the four pound loaf is twice this length, but doubled on itself. One eats by long measure—a foot and a half sufficing most for breakfast. A nobleman might require two of the large loaves, making a complete heroic metre; while for the Royal Family, the needful Alexandrine must

—drag its slow length along.

The loaves are placed upon a frame, similar to that which is used to transport wood, and borne on the backs of women to the regular customers, where it is deposited in chairs, on the floor, like a cane in the corner, or elsewhere, as may be most convenient; it

being the general opinion that it cannot, by any possibility, be soiled. At meals it is circulated from one to another, each cutting off a piece as large as may be desired. A class of inhabitants peculiar to Paris, as a distinct and numerous body, is the *Chiffonier*, or rag-collector. It is composed of both sexes; their business, as their name imports, is the collection of small pieces of cloth, metal, and other matters, possessing the least value. The streets are swept every morning before six o'clock, and the citizens are prohibited from placing ashes or any dirt in them, between this hour and eight in the evening. The *chiffonier* collects his stores from this refuse; it is, therefore, necessarily done in the night. His appearance is singular. Clad in the dirtiest of dirty garments, with a basket on his back, and a lantern in his hand, he reminds me strongly of Diogenes seeking an honest man, with the addition, however, of a basket to put him in, which the philosopher did not take, because he had no expectation of finding one. In the other hand he grasps a stick, equipped at its further extremity with a crooked nail: thus he wanders about the streets. He regards not the passers by; he never deviates from his path; in fact, he is a sort of a prince, for all turn out for him. With downcast eyes (not from humility, for however lowly his lot, he is not wanting in self-respect, and even pride), he seeks for hidden treasures. Every heap of filth is a mine of unknown riches, which he is to open and work. He pokes it over with his stick, catches with his hook every piece of paper—it may be a bill of the Bank of France, he says—every rag, of however small dimensions, and tosses it over his shoulder. See him, now. He has found a prize in the heap just at the corner of the street. He picks it up and rubs it on his coat-sleeve that he may the better observe its value. What is it? From my window I cannot easily see, but I think it is an old broken trunk-lock that I threw away this morning, or a fragment of a shovel. No matter; it is too valuable to be contemptuously consigned to his basket; so he slips it into a bag at his side—the receptacle of articles of worth. His business ending with the night, he retires to rest with the man of fashion at the break of dawn. His dreams, however, are not disturbed by the indigestion of *pâtes*, or the fever of champagne, which trouble the young fashionable. O, no! He fancies himself a favourite of fortune, which has transmuted his trunk-lock into a golden lantern, and his old shovel into a silver rag-hook. In his dream, he is transported, not to any voluptuous palace on the lake of Como, such as Claude Melnotte so beautifully describes—far pleasanter visions soothe his slumber. Imagination takes him to the side of some extensive dirt-heap, pregnant with the rich sweepings of a tailor's shop.

I must, though with sorrow, leave this poetical picture for the humble walks of prose, though not forgetting, that from the stained contents of the *chiffonier's* basket comes the smooth billet, *qui me prie de faire l'honneur de venir passer la soirée*, where wit sparkles and beauty enchants. The receipts of this interesting personage amount to about twenty cents a day. Occasionally an article of real value is found, for which he rarely seeks the owner, preferring to pocket the entire proceeds arising from its sale to the small fraction thereof offered as a reward. Some days ago, a student in medicine, discovering one of this calling sitting on the *trotoir* with his face bound up, and evidently in pain, inquired the cause. He was answered very gruffly, that it was the tooth-ache, which occasioned this suspension of his labours. He told the man that if he would come to his apartments the next (Sunday) morning, he would extract it gratis. At the appointed hour a stranger was ushered in, clothed in a suit of black, a fresh-looking hat, gloves, and well-polished boots, whom he did not once mistrust to be the crabbed *chiffonier*, whom he encountered the previous evening. It was, notwithstanding, the veritable man, who, when making an appointment that morning with another gentleman of his own class to visit the Louvre, and inspect the new paintings, placed there recently, observed, that he had a previous engagement with his *dentist*. The stranger, especially if he has lived where mad dogs are in vogue, and the race is heavily taxed, is astonished at their frequency in this capital. Paris contains more puppies, reckoning all descriptions, than any other city, perhaps, in the world. Everybody has a dog of some kind. The fashionable lady rarely walks or rides abroad without her favourite to accompany her. The rich have a leveret, a small animal of the greyhound species, originating in Italy. The poor have such as they can get. I have seen several, that equalled in size the ponies of Gen. Tom Pouce, the distinguished representative of American dignity at the foreign courts, who is reported to be kissed so much by this kissable and kissing nation, as to be compelled to protect his



cheeks and lips with a mask of goldbeater's skin, graciously sent him by her Majesty Queen Victoria. This mark of her anxious interest in the health of this renowned warrior is the more valuable, since, according to rumour, it has been shewn at the expense of incurring the jealousy of the hero of Waterloo. I trust that no one will imagine by the accidental mention of this distinguished Yankee, in connexion with puppydom, that I dream of classifying him with these pets. Certainly not. Private opinions must yield to circumstances. That which, at home, I might incline to censure, is here, with ardent nationality, upheld and praised. In Paris, every American pronounces Gen. Jackson a hero, greater in every respect than Napoleon, or any other person who ever lived. If they say any thing regarding cotton bags, we immediately retort, that he differs but little from the French themselves—that if he used breastworks, French women do the same—the difference being, that he fought behind them, whereas they surrender—"at discretion." No; Tyler is a man of probity and consistency; Bobby, the greatest living poet, not excepting Prince Albert himself; and Polk a Cincinnatus, called from the plough-tail, to tell a tale to old Europe, now in her second childhood, which makes all its members tremble. We insist, and satisfactorily prove too, that the republic is our mother country: for within three months she has brought into the world two states at a birth, and is already far gone with two more. But *revenons à nos moutons*—the phrase is good, since dogs are frequently served up for muttons. These dogs are generally muffled, when large, and all are confined by a cord around the neck, which, as one is walking, is often also found around his legs. If a man wishes to insult another, or wreak his spite against him, he kicks his dog. If you desire to speak to a pretty woman, whom you do not know, stumble over the dog, attempt to soothe his barking, take off your hat, bow three times to the snarling, ugly brute, and the heart of the lady is won. Wind the cord adroitly around your legs—do it quickly, while she is gazing at the goods in the shop window—and you can be as long as you desire in "getting out of the scrape." If he quarrels with another dog, and is thrown down into the gutter, take him up carefully—never mind the white kids—and wipe him with your cambric. This last was never known to fail. "Love me, love my dog," is of French origin. This is part of what is called the dog exercise, and is almost as curious an art as that of the fan in Madrid. Poets may talk of the beauty of women, when "floating in the mazes of the giddy waltz," or at the domestic fireside darning stockings, the dear creatures never appear so interesting, as when exhibiting the sublime virtues of "patience, loving-kindness, and tender mercy," while they stand awaiting the pleasure of this sweet animal busily occupied at the side of a house, or by a lamp-post. The end of the sheet admonishes me to conclude this doggerel description of some of the peculiarities of Parisians and their habits. In a future letter I may resume the thread of my narrative, unless you find the subjects are already worn threadbare.

#### DECORATIVE ART.

##### DECORATIVE ART-UNION.

THE following subscribers and Agents have been added since our last report:—

- No. 179. Everard, William (banker), Lynn.  
 180 & 181. Wildman, John (bookseller), Settle.  
 182. Phillips, Miss S. Church-street, Leamington.  
 183. Greet, John, High-street, Leamington.  
 184. Bligh, Miss, Appleton, near Bideford, Devon.  
 185. Bligh, Francis, 2 Wilton-terrace, Chatham-hill-road, Manchester.  
 186. Walter, Mr. 1, St. Martin's-place, Dover.  
 187. Cole, W. Walter (bookseller), Bideford.  
 188 & 189. Moore, Rev. G. H. Heyhouses, near Whalley, Lancashire.  
 190 & 191. Anderson, Rev. M. Sherrington.  
 192 & 193. Taylor, Mr. Robert, Warminster.  
 194 & 195. Taylor, Mr. W. H. Warminster.  
 196. Michael, Jas. Lionel, 9, Red Lion-square.  
 197. Ravenscroft, Edward (Family Journal Office), Aberdeen.  
 198. Hunter, John (Spa Courier), Leamington.  
 199. Rogers, Newcome (surgeon), Grantham.  
 200. Rogers, Mrs. Newcome, Grantham.

#### AGENTS.

##### DEVONSHIRE.

Bideford—Mr. W. W. Cole, bookseller.

OXFORDSHIRE.  
 Banbury—Mr. Henry Stone, bookseller.  
 LANCASHIRE.  
 Liverpool—Mr. Robert Wrightson, 64, Castle-street.  
 SCOTLAND.  
 Aberdeen—Mr. Edward Ravenscroft, Family Journal Office.

#### ART.

##### TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE gold medal assigned by her Majesty to the Institute of British Architects, for the purpose of giving it to the architect who has most distinguished himself in the several walks and styles of his profession in this or in any other country, was given, on Monday last, to C. R. Cockerell, the Professor of architecture in the Royal Academy.—M. Poitevin has invented a method of transferring designs or engravings to silver or to plated copper, and of preparing the latter for yielding impressions in the manner of woodcuts or of engraved plates. The process is, to expose an engraving to the vapour of iodine, which deposits itself on the black only (there is paper which produces the opposite effects). Then lightly press the iodized print upon a plate of silver, or of copper silvered and polished as for a daguerreotype. The black parts of the print yield the iodine to the silver, and are thus transferred to the plate as an iodide. Plunge the plate, for a few moments, into a saturated solution of sulphate of copper, connected with a battery of a small number of elements, the other pole being platinum. Copper is deposited only upon the parts not covered with the iodide, and corresponding with the whites; and thus is obtained a perfect representation of the print, the copper representing the whites, and the iodized silver the blacks.—The service of silver plate, weighing 7,000 ounces, and valued at 6,000*l.* "presented to the Earl of Ellenborough," as the inscription sets forth, "as a mark of respect and esteem, by his friends and admirers in India," is now on view at Messrs. Hunt and Roskell's in Bond-street. It consists of a grand centre-piece, two candelabra, four ice-pails, four dessert-stands, two ornaments for the table, three dozen soup and eight dozen table plates.—Mr. Murray, has just published a very handsome octavo edition of *Aesop's Fables*, containing more than one hundred illustrations on wood, designed by John Tenniel, a young artist, brought into notice during the recent competitions in Westminster Hall. Some of the designs are beautiful in the extreme.

We think the exertions being made by Mr. Eldred, of New Bond-street, for a more liberal encouragement of the Arts in all their branches quite worthy of the highest patronage of all who appreciate such productions.

#### MUSIC.

##### MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

A WORK by Sebastian Bach will be produced in the course of the season, by Mr. John Hullah, at Exeter Hall, with the assistance of his First Upper Singing School, and Mr. Willy's Concert Band.—A concert was given at Hanover-square Rooms on Thursday night, by the Lockwoods—the infant harp players. The chief interest of the programme lay, of course, in the performances of these clever juveniles, who exhibited themselves in all their precocious glory.—The Triennial Musical Festival will take place at Norwich this year, commencing September 12th, under the conductorship of Mr. Benedict, leader Mr. T. Cooke. Handel's "Israel in Egypt," Haydn's "Creation," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," and Mozart's "Davide Penitente," with English adaptation to the Psalms of David, are already fixed upon.—Miss Wallace, a sister of the composer, made her first London appearance as a vocalist on Thursday evening, in the "Creation," performed by the members of the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall. A soprano vocalist of great promise is thus given to the metropolis.—The Royal Society of Musicians held its 110th anniversary festival, in Freemasons' Hall, on Tuesday

evening. The Royal Society of Musicians is one of the oldest and most valuable benevolent associations in England. It derived its origin from an interesting circumstance. Two eminent musicians happened to see two fine boys destitute in the street, and finding that they were the orphan children of a brother musician, they were so deeply impressed with the precarious situation of their profession, that they conceived the idea of creating a fund for the purpose of rescuing their unfortunate brethren, and their widows and families, from the ills of poverty. The society was established in 1738. At the head of the list of its original members stands the illustrious name of Handel, who during his life conferred on it many benefits, and at his death bequeathed to it a thousand pounds. It numbers amongst its members every great English musician who has flourished during the last century, and not a few of the foreign artists who have made England their residence. The bequests of some of its professional members have been singularly munificent.

1. *L'Epervier Quadrille*. Par G. REDLER. R. Cocks and Co.
2. *Odessa Mazurka Originale*. Par A. GORIA. R. Cocks and Co.
3. *Miranda Polka*. Par A. GORIA. R. Cocks and Co.

1. Mr. REDLER, now acknowledged one of the first and most original composers of the French capital, has, in the present set of quadrilles, infused into them a modicum of that rare commodity now-a-days in music, viz. originality, combined with a flowing melody quite refreshing. The rhythm and time are well marked, a great desideratum in dance music.

2. We have rarely experienced more thorough satisfaction, mingled with delight, than in the contemplation of this pianoforte piece. It commences in *A* flat, with a short introduction in 3-8 time, leading to a movement *andantino con morbidezza* in 3-4, which modulates into *E* flat. The author, who is now acknowledged one of the first pianoforte writers of the day, has in the present case imbued this piece with all the classical refinement and grace which is evidently a marked characteristic of this composer.

3. Of the lighter productions of M. GORIA's pen, this is decidedly the best that has come under our notice. The theme, in *E* flat, is proposed in the style and manner of a judicious as well as a learned musician,—the subject not being overlaid, although the harmonics are rich. Much charming sentiment is conveyed in the three first movements, which modulate most effectively from *E* flat to *A* flat, then to the key of *B* natural, ending with the tonic.

#### THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

NOTICE.—POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK that the extraordinary Panorama of LONDON by NIGHT can possibly be exhibited during the Afternoon from One till Five o'clock.—In addition to the numerous attractions at the ROYAL COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park, the AURORA BOREALIS, as seen on the 24th of October last, is beautifully delineated, the Sculpture Saloon brilliantly illuminated, and a most tasteful selection of Drawing-room Music, from Two till Five o'clock. Evening Exhibition as usual. Admission to the whole, 2*s.* Children and Schools half price.

THE GREATEST NOVELTY of the DAY.—PALLADIUM, late Hall of Rome, Great Windmill-street, Haymarket.—Madame BENARD, original TABLEUX VIVANS and POSES PLASTIQUES. LADY GODIVA on a LIVING HORSE, and the moving Tableaux of *Acis and Galatea*, and the Death of *Lucretia*, having been received with the most rapturous applause, Madame Benard begs to state that the above splendid representation will be repeated every Morning and Evening. Morning performance at 3; Evening at 8. Stalls, 3*s.*; Reserved Seats, 2*s.*; Pit, 1*s.*

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE opened on Saturday last, with voices almost entirely new to this country, GORDONI and LABLACHE being the only familiar tones. But the aspirants were all successful, and laid the foundation of a reputation here which, we understand, they had already secured abroad. The ballet was very beautiful, and introduced the charming little TAGLIONI to her old admirers. We write now from hearsay, not having yet paid a visit there;



but as soon as we have done so, we shall submit our own judgment of the performers to our readers. We write now rather by way of intelligence than of criticism.

**PRINCESS'S THEATRE.**—Two stars are blazing here together, filling the benches by the novelty. Mr. MACREADY and Mrs. BUTLER are uniting their genius for the production of the plays in which they most excel, affording a rare treat to the lovers of the drama. We have so often commented upon the performances of each in the characters in which they have appeared during the last week, that it would be an impertinence now to repeat our remarks. It is enough to name this conjunction of genius, to induce all play-goers to turn their steps to the Princess's Theatre.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—This temple of legitimacy has been, as usual, most numerous attended, the attractions being SHAKESPEARE'S *Twelfth Night*, and *Hamlet*,—Mr. PHELPS'S *Malvolio*, in the first, eliciting great and deserved praise. The *Viola* of Miss ADDISON is a chaste performance; whilst the *Sir Toby Belch*, and *Sir Andrew Ague Cheek* of Messrs. BENNETT and YOUNGE, may be pronounced masterpieces of Shakspearian conception and execution.

**ROYAL COLLOSSEUM.**—Our advertising columns announce this as the last week of exhibiting, during the afternoon, that interesting work of art the Night Panorama of London. Those who are desirous of viewing it by day, should embrace the opportunity, as after this week it can only be seen during the evening exhibition.

### Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

#### BIRTHS.

WALTER.—On Tuesday, the 22nd inst. at 62, Russell-square, the wife of John Walter, esq. M.P. of a son.

ECSTON.—On the 18th inst. at 13, Lowndes-square, the Lady Mary Egerton, of a daughter.

#### DEATHS.

BELOE, Mrs. relict of the Rev. William Beloe, the learned translator of Herodotus, rector of Allhallows, London-wall, and Prebendary of the Cathedrals of St. Paul and Lincoln, on the 16th inst. at Hastings, aged 87.

FOURTH, the Rev. Nath. Parker, in the deepest distress, leaving a widow and six children totally unprovided for, on the 19th inst. at No. 1, Kingswood-place, South Lambeth-road, aged 73.

JOHNSON, John, printer, author of "Typographia," &c. on the 17th inst. at his residence, 19, Brook-street, Holborn, aged 71.

STURGES, Mr. Edward, the talented organist of the Foundling Chapel, on the 16th inst.

### BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

No charge is made for insertion in this list. Apply to the Publisher of THE CRITIC, stating prices.

Cattermole's Historical Annual; the volume containing First Part of the Great Civil War, at about half-price, being, as we suppose, that for 1844. Vol. II. of the Work is the Annual for 1845.

### FRANKLIN'S GIFT TO AMERICAN MECHANICS.

—Dr. Franklin left a sum of money to the town of Boston, to be loaned to young married mechanics at a low interest. In December last it had accumulated to the sum of 40,465 dollars; also, 1,000 dollars, the interest on which is invested in silver medals, and distributed, at the annual examination of the schools, among the most deserving boys in the writing and grammar departments.—*The Builder*.

### To Readers and Correspondents.

"J. G.'s Poem on 'Home,' is not adapted for our columns.

"L. O. D.'s"—Stanzas are not quite of the standard.

"J. F."—To state the prices of books in the review, would subject us to the advertisement duty.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**FOREIGN BOOKS.**—50, Burlington Arcade.—F. HORNCastle has always on hand the newest PUBLICATIONS of interest in French, German, Italian, and Spanish Literature, and executes with promptitude, and on the most moderate terms, all orders for Foreign Books, Prints, Music, and Periodicals. Paul de Kock's Novels, 3s. the set, and all the new French Romances. All the French Plays, 1s. each.

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3rd. The Attorneys who have authorised the insertion of their names as practising in the various Courts.

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### RECENT TESTIMONIALS.

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DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the merits of your Cough Lozenges, known as "KEATING'S LOZENGES." I have been troubled with a hacking Cough for many years past, but at a recommendation of a friend, I was induced to try your Lozenges, and am happy to say, after using two boxes of them, I find myself perfectly restored. I have recommended my friends to use them. I am, yours truly,

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GEO. B. BELCHER.

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I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

Thomas Keating, Esq.

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SIR,—Various circumstances prevented the possibility of my thanking you before this time for your politeness in sending me your Pills as you did. I now take this opportunity of sending you an order for the amount, and at the same time, to add that your Pills have effected a cure of a disorder in my Liver and Stomach, which all the most eminent of the Faculty at home, and all over the Continent, had not been able to effect; nay! not even the waters of Carlsbad and Marienbad. I wish to have another Box, and a Pot of the Ointment, in case any of my family should ever require either. Your most obliged and obedient servant,

To Professor Holloway, (Signed) ALDBOROUGH.

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**MR. G. LAWRENCE** may be CONSULTED daily, from Two to Five, or by letter, at 119, Jermyn-street, Regent-street, London, upon the CURE of PILES, FISTULA, and PROLAPSUS, of however long standing, which he undertakes to cure radically in a short time without confinement, on a peculiar method of twenty years' experience, without caustic or the use of the knife. These complaints, arising from an over irritation with subsequent laxity of the lower bowel, are effectually remedied under the gentle treatment by himself adopted.

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